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The River

By John Masefield

All other waters have their time of peace,
Calm, or the turn of tide, or summer drought,
But on these bars the tumults never cease
In violent death this river passes out.

Brimming she goes, a bloody-coloured rush
Hurrying her heaped disorder, rank on rank,
Bubble-less speed so still that in the hush
One hears the mined earth dropping from the bank,

Slipping in little falls whose tingeings drown,
Sunk by the waves forever pressing on
Till with a stripping crash the tree goes down,
Its washing branches flounder and are gone.

Then, roaring out aloud, her water spreads
Making a desolation, where her waves
Shriek and give battle, tossing up their heads
Tearing the shifting sandbanks into graves.

Changing the raddled ruin of her course
So swiftly that the pilgrim on the shore
Hears the loud whirlpool laughing like a horse
Where the scurfed sand was parched an hour before.

And always underneath that heaving tide
The changing bottom runs, or piles, or quakes,
Flinging immense heaps up to wallow wide,
Sucking the surface into whirls like snakes.

If anything should touch that shifting sand
All the blind bottom sucks it, till it sinks;
It takes the clipper ere she comes to land,
It takes the thirsting tiger as he drinks.

And on the river pours, it never tires,
Blind, hungry, screaming, day and night the same
Purposeless hurry of a million ires
Mad as the wind, as merciless as flame.

* * * * * *

There was a full-rigged ship, the *Travancore*,
Towing to port against that river's rage,
A glittering ship made sparkling for the shore
Taut to the pins in all her equipage.

Clanging she topped the tide; her sails were furled,
Her men came loitering downwards from the yards;
They who had brought her half across the world,
Trampling so many billows into shards,

Now looking up, beheld their duty done,
The ship approaching port, the great masts bare,
Gaunt as three giants striding in the sun,
Proud, with the colours tailing out like hair.

So, having coiled their gear, they left the deck;
Within the fo'c'sle's gloom of banded steel
Mottled like wood with many a painted speck,
They brought their plates and sat about a meal.

Then pushing back the tins, they lit their pipes,
Or slept, or played at cards, or gently spoke,
Light from the portholes shot in dusty stripes
Tranquilly moving, sometimes blue with smoke.

These sunbeams sidled when the vessel rolled,
Their lazy yellow dust-strips crossed the floor,
Lighting a man-hole leading to the hold,
A man-hole leaded down the day before.

Like gold the solder on the man-hole shone;
A few flies threading in a drowsy dance
Slept in their pattern, darted, and were gone.
The river roared against the ship's advance

And quietly sleep came upon the crew,
Man by man drooped upon his arms and slept;
Without, the tugboat dragged the vessel through,
The rigging whined, the yelling water leapt,

Till blindly a careering wave's collapse
Rose from beneath her bows and spouted high,
Spirting the fo'c's'le floor with noisy slaps;
A sleeper at the table heaved a sigh,

And lurched, half-drunk with sleep, across the floor,
Muttering and blinking like a man insane,
Cursed at the river's tumult, shut the door,
Blinked, and lurched back and fell asleep again.

Then there was greater silence in the room,
Ship's creakings ran along the beams and died,
The lazy sunbeams loitered up the gloom,
Stretching and touching till they reached the side.

* * * * * *

Yet something jerking in the vessel's course
Told that the tug was getting her in hand
As, at a fence, one steadies down a horse,
To rush the whirlpool on Magellan Sand;

And in the uneasy water just below
Her Mate enquired "if the men should stir
And come on deck?" Her Captain answered "No,
Let them alone, the tug can manage her."

Then, as she settled down and gathered speed
Her Mate enquired again "if they should come
Just to be ready there in case of need,
Since, on such godless bars, there might be some."

But "No," the Captain said, "the men have been
Boxing about since midnight, let them be.
The pilot's able and the ship's a queen,
The hands can rest until we come to quay."

They ceased, they took their stations; right ahead
The whirlpool heaped and sucked; in tenor tone
The steady leadsman chanted at the lead,
The ship crept forward trembling to the bone.

And just above the worst a passing wave
Brought to the line such unexpected stress
That as she tossed her bows her towrope gave,
Snapped at the collar like a stalk of cress.

Then, for a ghastly moment, she was loose,
Blind in the whirlpool, groping for a guide,
Swinging adrift without a moment's truce,
She struck the sand and fell upon her side.

And instantly the sand beneath her gave
So that she righted and again was flung,
Grinding the quicksand open for a grave,
Straining her masts until the steel was sprung.

The foremast broke; its mighty bulk of steel
Fell on the fo'c's'le door and jammed it tight;
The sand-rush heaped her to an even keel,
She settled down, resigned, she made no fight,

But, like an overladen beast, she lay
Dumb in the mud with billows at her lips,
Broken, where she had fallen in the way,
Grinding her grave among the bones of ships.

* * * * * *

At the first crashing of the mast, the men
Sprang from their sleep to hurry to the deck;
They found that Fate had caught them in a pen,
The door that opened out was jammed with wreck.

Then, as with shoulders down, their gathered strength
Hove on the door, but could not make it stir,
They felt the vessel tremble through her length;
The tug, made fast again, was plucking her.

Plucking, and causing motion, till it seemed
That she would get her off; they heard her screw
Mumble the bubbled rip-rap as she steamed;
"Please God, the tug will shift her," said the crew.

"She's off," the seamen said, they felt her glide,
Scraping the bottom with her bilge until
Something collapsing clanged along her side;
The scraping stopped, the tugboat's screw was still.

"She's holed," a voice without cried, "holed and jammed,
Holed on the old *Magellan*, sunk last June;
I lose my ticket and the men are damned
They'll drown like rats unless we free them soon.

"My God, they shall not!" and the speaker beat
Blows with a crow upon the foremast's wreck;
Minute steel splinters fell about his feet,
No tremor stirred the ruin on the deck,

And as their natures bade the seamen learned
That they were doomed within that buried door,
Some cursed, some raved, but one among them turned
Straight to the manhole leaded in the floor,

And sitting down astride it, drew his knife,
And staidly dug to pick away the lead,
While, at the ports, his fellows cried for life:
"Burst in the door, or we shall all be dead!"

For like a brook the leak below them clucked,
They felt the vessel settling; they could feel
How the blind bog beneath her gripped and sucked.
Their fingers beat their prison walls of steel.

And then the gurgling stopped; the ship was still,
She stayed, she sank no deeper, an arrest
Fothered the pouring leak, she ceased to fill,
She trod the mud, drowned only to the breast.

And probing at the well, the Captain found
The leak no longer rising, so he cried:
"She is not sinking, you will not be drowned,
The shifting sand has silted up her side.

"Now there is time. The tug shall put ashore
And fetch explosives to us from the town;
I'll burst the house or blow away the door
(It will not kill you if you all lie down),

"Be easy in your minds, for you'll be free;
As soon as we've the blast." The seamen heard
The tug go townwards, butting at the sea;
Some lit their pipes, the youngest of them cheered.

But still the digger bent above the lid,
Gouging the solder from it as at first,
Pecking the lead, intent on what he did;
The other seamen mocked at him or cursed.

And some among them nudged him as he picked.
He cursed them, grinning, but resumed his game;
His knife-point sometimes struck the lid and clicked,
The solder-pellets shone like silver flame.

And still his knife-blade clicked like ticking time
Counting the hour till the tug's return,
And still the ship stood steady on the slime,
While Fate above her fingered with her urn.

* * * * * *

Then from the tug beside them came the hail:
"They have none at the stores, nor at the dock,
Nor at the quarry, so I tried the jail.
They thought they had, but it was out of stock.

"So then I telephoned to town; they say
They've sent an engine with some to the pier;
I did not leave till it was on its way,
A tug is waiting there to bring it here:

"It can't be here, though, for an hour or more;
I've lost an hour in trying, as it is.
For want of thought commend me to the shore.
You'd think they'd know their river's ways by this."

"So, there is nothing for it but to wait,"
The Captain answered, fuming. "Until then,
We'd better go to dinner, Mr. Mate."
The Cook brought dinner forward to the men.

* * * * * *

Another hour of prison loitered by;
The strips of sunlight stiffened at the port,
But still the digger made the pellets fly,
Paying no heed to his companions' sport,

While they, about him, spooning at their tins,
Asked if he dug because he found it cold,
Or whether it was penance for his sins,
Or hope of treasure in the forward hold.

He grinned and cursed, but did not cease to pick,
His sweat dropped from him when he bent his head,
His knife-blade quarried down, till with a click
Its grinded thinness snapped against the lead.

Then, dully rising, brushing back his sweat,
He asked his fellows for another knife.
"Never," they said; "man, what d'ye hope to get?"
"Nothing," he said, "except a chance for life."

"Havers," they said, and one among them growled,
"You'll get no knife from any here to break.
You've dug the manhole since the door was fouled,
And now your knife's broke, quit, for Jesus' sake."

But one, who smelt a bargain, changed his tone,
Offering a sheath-knife for the task in hand
At twenty times its value, as a loan
To be repaid him when they reached the land.

And there was jesting at the lender's greed
And mockery at the digger's want of sense,
Closing with such a bargain without need,
Since in an hour the tug would take them thence.

But "Right," the digger said. The deal was made,
He took the borrowed knife, and sitting down
Gouged at the channelled solder with the blade,
Saying, "Let be, it's better dig than drown."

And nothing happened for a while; the heat
Grew in the stuffy room, the sunlight slid,
Flies buzzed about and jostled at the meat,
The knife-blade clicked upon the manhole lid:

And one man said, "She takes a hell of time
Bringing the blaster," and another snored;
One, between pipe-puffs, hummed a smutty rhyme,
One, who was weaving, thudded with his sword.

It was as though the ship were in a dream,
Caught in a magic ocean, calm like death,
Tranced, till a presence should arise and gleam,
Making the waters conscious with her breath.

It was so drowsy that the river's cries,
Roaring aloud their ever-changing tune,
Came to those sailors like the drone of flies,
Filling with sleep the summer afternoon.

So that they slept, or, if they spoke, it was
Only to worry lest the tug should come:
Such power upon the body labour has
That prison seemed a blessed rest to some,

Till one man leaning at the port-hole, stared,
Checking his yawning at the widest stretch,
Then blinked and swallowed, while he muttered, scared,
"That blasting cotton takes an age to fetch."

Then swiftly passing from the port he went
Up and then down the fo'c's'le till he stayed,
Fixed at the port-hole with his eyes intent,
Round-eyed and white, as if he were afraid,

And muttered as he stared, "My God! she is.
She's deeper than she was, she's settling down.
That palm-tree top was steady against this,
And now I see the quay below the town.

"Look here at her. She's sinking in her tracks.
She's going down by inches as she stands;
The water's darker and it stinks like flax,
Her going down is churning up the sands."

And instantly a panic took the crew,
Even the digger blenched; his knife-blade's haste
Cutting the solder witnessed that he knew
Time on the brink with not a breath to waste.

While far away the tugboat at the quay
Under her drooping pennon waited still
For that explosive which would set them free,
Free, with the world a servant to their will.

Then from a boat beside them came a blare,
Urging that tugboat to be quick; and men
Shouted to stir her from her waiting there,
"Hurry the blast, and get us out of pen.

"She's going down. She's going down, man. Quick!"
The tugboat did not stir, no answer came;
They saw her tongue-like pennon idly lick
Clear for an instant, lettered with her name.

Then droop again. The engine had not come,
The blast had not arrived. The prisoned hands
Saw her still waiting though their time had come,
Their ship was going down among the sands,

Going so swiftly now, that they could see
The banks arising as she made her bed;
Full of sick sound she settled deathward, she
Gurgled and shook, the digger picked the lead.

And, as she paused to take a final plunge,
Prone like a half-tide rock, the men on deck
Jumped to their boats and left, ere like a sponge
The river's rotten heart absorbed the wreck;

And on the perilous instant ere Time struck
The digger's work was done, the lead was cleared,
He cast the manhole up; below it muck
Floated, the hold was full, the water leered.

All of his labour had but made a hole
By which to leap to death; he saw black dust
Float on the bubbles of that brimming bowl,
He drew a breath and took his life in trust,

And plunged head foremost into that black pit,
Where floating cargo bumped against the beams.
He groped a choking passage blind with grit,
The roaring in his ears was shot with screams.

So, with a bursting heart and roaring ears
He floundered in that sunk ship's inky womb,
Drowned in deep water for what seemed like years,
Buried alive and groping through the tomb,

Till suddenly the beams against his back
Gave, and the water on his eyes was bright;
He shot up through a hatchway foul with wrack
Into clean air and life and dazzling light,

And striking out, he saw the fo'c's'le gone,
Vanished, below the water, and the mast
Standing columnar from the sea; it shone
Proud, with its colours flying to the last.

And all about, a many-wrinkled tide
Smoothed and erased its eddies, wandering chilled,
Like glutted purpose trying to decide
If its achievement had been what it willed.

And men in boats were there; they helped him in.
He gulped for breath and watched that patch of smooth,
Shaped like the vessel, wrinkle into grin,
Furrow to waves and bare a yellow tooth.

Then the masts leaned until the shroud-screws gave,
All disappeared, her masts, her colours, all.
He saw the yard-arms tilting to the grave,
He heard the siren of a tugboat call,

And saw her speeding, foaming at the bow,
Bringing the blast-charge that had come too late.
He heard one shout, "It isn't wanted now."
Time's minute hand had been the hand of Fate.

Then the boats turned; they brought him to the shore,
Men crowded round him, touched him, and were kind,
The Mate walked with him, silent, to the store.
He said, "We've left the best of us behind."

Then, as he wrung his sodden clothes, the Mate
Gave him a drink of rum and talked awhile
Of men and ships and unexpected Fate;
And darkness came and cloaked the river's guile,

So that its huddled hurry was not seen,
Only made louder, till the full moon climbed
Over the forest, floated, and was queen.
Within the town a temple-belfry chimed.

Then, upon silent pads, a tiger crept
Down to the river-brink, and crouching there
Watched it intently till you thought he slept
But for his ghastly eye and stiffened hair.

Then, trembling at a lust more fell than his,
He roared and bounded back to coverts lone,
Where, among moonlit beauty, slaughter is,
Filling the marvellous night with myriad groan.

The World Set Free

A Story of Mankind

By H. G. Wells

PRELUDE.

The Sun Snarers.

§ 1.

The history of mankind is the history of the attainment of external power. Man is the tool-using, fire-making animal. From the outset of his terrestrial career we find him supplementing the natural strength and bodily weapons of a beast by the heat of burning and the rough implement of stone. So he passed beyond the ape. From that he expands. Presently he added to himself the power of the horse and the ox, he borrowed the carrying strength of water and the driving force of the wind, he quickened his fire by blowing, and his simple tools, pointed first with copper and then with iron, increased and varied and became more elaborate and efficient. He sheltered his heat in houses and made his way easier by paths and roads. He complicated his social relationships and increased his efficiency by the division of labour. He began to store up knowledge. Contrivance followed contrivance, each making it possible for a man to do more. Always down the lengthening record, save for a set-back ever and again, he is doing more. . . .

A quarter of a million years ago the utmost man was a savage, a being scarcely articulate, sheltering in holes in the rocks, armed with a rough-hewn flint or a fire-pointed stick, naked, living in small family groups, killed by some younger man so soon as his first virile activity declined. Over most of the great wildernesses of earth you would have sought him in vain; only in a few temperate and sub-

tropical river valleys would you have found the squatting lairs of his little herds, a male, a few females, a child or so.

He knew no future then, no kind of life except the life he led. He fled the cave-bear over the rocks full of iron ore and the promise of sword and spear; he froze to death upon a ledge of coal; he drank water muddy with clay that would one day make cups of porcelain; he chewed the ear of wild wheat he had plucked and gazed with a dim speculation in his eyes at the birds that soared beyond his reach. Or suddenly he became aware of the scent of another male and rose up roaring, his roars the formless precursors of moral admonitions. For he was a great individualist, that original, he suffered none other than himself.

So through the long generations, this heavy precursor, this ancestor of all of us, fought and bred and perished, changing almost imperceptibly.

Yet he changed. That keen chisel of necessity which sharpened the tiger's claw age by age and fined down the clumsy Orohippus to the swift grace of the horse, was at work upon him—is at work upon him still. The clumsier and more stupidly fierce among him were killed soonest and oftenest; the finer hand, the quicker eye, the bigger brain, the better balanced body prevailed; age by age the implements were a little better made, the man a little more delicately adjusted to his possibilities. He became more social; his herd grew larger; no longer did each man kill or drive out his growing sons; a system of taboos made them tolerable to him, and they revered him alive and soon even after he was dead, and were his allies against the beasts and the rest of mankind. (But they were forbidden to touch the women of the tribe, they had to go out and capture women for themselves, and each son fled from his stepmother and hid from her lest the anger of the Old Man should be roused. All the world over, even to this day, these ancient inevitable taboos can be traced.) And now instead of caves came huts and hovels, and the fire was better tended, and there were wrappings and garments; and so aided, the creature spread into colder climates, carrying food with him, storing food—until sometimes the neglected grass-seed sprouted again and gave a first hint of agriculture.

And already there were the beginnings of leisure and thought.

Man began to think. There were times when he was fed, when his lusts and his fears were all appeased, when the sun shone upon the squatting-place and dim stirrings of speculation lit his eyes. He scratched upon a bone and found resemblance and pursued it and began pictorial art, moulded the soft warm clay of the river brink between his fingers and found a pleasure in its patternings and repetitions, shaped it into the form of vessels and found that it would hold water. He watched the streaming river and wondered from what bountiful breast this incessant water came; he blinked at the sun and dreamt that perhaps he might snare it and spear it as it went down to its resting-place amidst the distant hills. Then he was roused to convey to his brother that once indeed he had done so—at least that someone had done so—he mixed that perhaps with another dream almost as daring, that one day a mammoth had been beset; and therewith began fiction—pointing a way to achievement—and the august, prophetic procession of tales.

For scores and hundreds of centuries, for myriads of generations, that life of our fathers went on. From the beginning to the ripening of that phase of human life, from the first clumsy eoliths of rudely chipped flint to the first implements of polished stone, was two or three thousand centuries, ten or fifteen thousand generations. So slowly, by human standards, did humanity gather itself together out of the dim intimations of the beast. And that first glimmering of speculation, that first story of achievement, that story-teller, bright-eyed and flushed under his matted hair, gesticulating to his gaping, incredulous listener, gripping his wrist to keep him attentive, was the most marvellous beginning this world has ever seen. It doomed the mammoths, and it began the setting of that snare that shall catch the sun.

§ 2.

That dream was but a moment in a man's life, whose proper business it seemed was to get food and kill his fellows and beget after the manner of all that belongs to

the fellowship of the beasts. About him, hidden from him by the thinnest of veils, were the untouched sources of Power, whose magnitude we scarcely do more than suspect even to-day, Power that could make his every conceivable dream come real. But the feet of the race were in the way of it, though he died blindly unknowing.

At last, in the generous levels of warm river valleys, where food is abundant and life very easy, the emerging human, overcoming his earlier jealousies, becoming, as necessity persecuted him less urgently, more social and tolerant and amenable, achieved a larger community. There began a division of labour, certain of the older men specialised in knowledge and direction, a strong man took the fatherly leadership in war, and priest and king began to develop their *rôles* in the opening drama of man's history. The priest's solicitude was seed-time and harvest and fertility, and the king ruled peace and war. In a hundred river valleys about the warm temperate zone of the earth there were already towns and temples, a score of thousand years ago. They flourished unrecorded, ignoring the past and unsuspicious of the future, for as yet writing had still to begin.

Very slowly did man increase his demand upon the illimitable wealth of Power that offered itself on every hand to him. He tamed certain animals, he developed his primordially haphazard agriculture into a ritual, he added first one metal to his resources, and then another, until he had copper and tin and iron and lead and gold and silver to supplement his stone; he hewed and carved wood, made pottery, paddled down his river until he came to the sea, discovered the wheel and made the first roads. But his chief activity for a hundred centuries and more was the subjugation of himself and others to larger and larger societies. The history of man is not simply the conquest of external power; it is first the conquest of those distrusts and fiercenesses, that self-concentration and intensity of animalism, that tie his hands from taking his inheritance. The ape in us still resents association. From the dawn of the age of polished stone to the achievement of the Peace of the World, man's dealings were chiefly with himself and his fellow man, trading, bargaining, law-making, propitiating, enslaving, conquering, exterminating,

and every little increment in Power, he turned at once and always turns to the purposes of this confused, elaborate struggle to socialise. To incorporate and comprehend his fellow men into a community of purpose became the last and greatest of his instincts. Already, before the last polished phase of the stone age was over, he had become a political animal. He made astonishingly far-reaching discoveries within himself, first of counting and then of writing and making records, and with that his town communities began to stretch out to dominion; in the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the great Chinese rivers, the first empires and the first written laws had their beginnings. Men specialised for fighting and rule as soldiers and knights. Later, as ships grew seaworthy, the Mediterranean, which had been a barrier, became a highway, and at last, out of a tangle of pirate polities, came the great struggle of Carthage and Rome. The history of Europe is the history of the victory and breaking up of the Roman Empire. Every ascendant monarch in Europe up to the last, aped Caesar and called himself Kaiser or Czar or Imperator or Kasir-i-Hind. Measured by the duration of human life, it is a vast space of time between that first dynasty in Egypt and the coming of the aeroplanes, but by the scale that looks back to the makers of the eoliths it is all of it a story of yesterday.

Now during this period of two hundred centuries or more, this period of the warring states, while men's minds were chiefly preoccupied by politics and mutual aggression, their progress in the acquirement of external Power was slow, rapid in comparison with the progress of the old stone age, but slow in comparison with this new age of systematic discovery in which we live. They did not very greatly alter the weapons and tactics of warfare, the methods of agriculture, seamanship, their knowledge of the habitable globe, or the devices and utensils of domestic life between the days of the early Egyptians and the days when Christopher Columbus was a child. Of course, there were inventions and changes, but there were also retrogressions; things were found out and then forgotten again; it was on the whole a progress, but it contained no steps; the peasant life was the same, there were already priests and lawyers and town craftsmen and territorial lords

and rulers, doctors, wise women, soldiers and sailors in Egypt and China and Assyria and south-eastern Europe at the beginning of that period, and they were doing much the same things and living much the same life as they were in Europe in 1500 A.D. The English excavators of the year 1900 A.D. could delve into the remains of Babylon and Egypt and disinter legal documents, domestic accounts and family correspondence that they could read with the completest sympathy. There were great religious and moral changes throughout the period, empires and republics replaced one another, Italy tried a vast experiment in slavery, and indeed slavery was tried again and again and failed and failed and was still to be tested again and rejected again in the New World; Christianity and Mahometanism swept away a thousand more specialised cults, but essentially these were progressive adaptations of mankind to material conditions that must have seemed fixed for ever. The idea of revolutionary changes in the material conditions of life would have been entirely strange to human thought through all that time.

Yet the dreamer, the story-teller, was there still, waiting for his opportunity amidst the busy preoccupations, the comings and goings, the wars and processions, the castle building and cathedral building, the arts and loves, the small diplomacies and incurable feuds, the crusades and trading journeys of the Middle Ages. He no longer speculated with the untrammelled freedom of the Stone Age savage; authoritative explanations of everything barred his path; but he speculated with a better brain, sat idle and gazed at circling stars in the sky and mused upon the coin and crystal in his hand. Whenever there was a certain leisure for thought throughout these times, then men were to be found dissatisfied with the appearances of things, dissatisfied with the assurances of orthodox belief, uneasy with a sense of unread symbols in the world about them, questioning the finality of scholastic wisdom. Through all the ages of history there were men to whom this whisper had come of hidden things about them. They could no longer lead ordinary lives nor content themselves with the common things of this world once they had heard this voice. And mostly they believed not only that all this world was, as it were, a painted curtain before things un-

guessed at, but that these secrets were Power. Hitherto Power had come to men by chance, but now there were these seekers, seeking, seeking among rare and curious and perplexing objects, sometimes finding some odd utilisable thing, sometimes deceiving themselves with fancied discovery, sometimes pretending to find. The world of every day laughed at these eccentric beings, or found them annoying and ill-treated them, or was seized with fear and made saints and sorcerers and warlocks of them, or with covetousness and entertained them hopefully; but for the greater part heeded them not at all. Yet they were of the blood of him who had first dreamt of attacking the mammoth; every one of them was of his blood and descent; and the thing they sought, all unwittingly, was the snare that will some day catch the sun.

§ 3.

Such a man was Leonardo da Vinci, who went about the court of Sforza in Milan in a state of dignified abstraction. His commonplace books are full of prophetic subtlety and ingenious anticipations of the methods of the early aviators. Dürer was his parallel and Roger Bacon—whom the Franciscans silenced—of his kindred. Such a man, again, in an earlier city was Hero of Alexandria, who knew of the power of steam nineteen hundred years before it was first brought into use. And earlier still was Archimedes of Syracuse, and still earlier the legendary Daedalus of Cnossus. All up and down the record of history, whenever there was a little leisure from war and brutality, the seekers appeared. And half the alchemists were of their tribe.

When Roger Bacon blew up his first batch of gunpowder one might have supposed that men would have gone on at once to the explosive engine. But they could see nothing of the sort. They were not yet beginning to think of seeing things; their metallurgy was all too poor to make such engines, even had they thought of them. For a time they could not make instruments sound enough to stand this new force, even for so rough a purpose as hurling a missile. their first guns had barrels of coopered timber, and the world waited for more than five hundred years before the explosive engine came.

Even when the seekers found, it was at first a long journey before the world could use their findings for any but the roughest, most obvious purposes. If man in general was not still as absolutely blind to the unconquered energies about him as his Paleolithic precursor, he was at best purblind.

§ 4.

The latent energy of coal and the power of steam waited long on the verge of discovery, before they began to influence human lives.

There were no doubt many such devices as Hero's toys, devised and forgotten, time after time, in courts and palaces, but it needed that coal should be mined and burning with plentiful iron at hand before it dawned upon men that here was something more than a curiosity. And it is to be remarked that the first recorded suggestion for the use of steam was in war; there is an Elizabethan pamphlet in which it is proposed to fire shot out of corked iron bottles full of heated water. The mining of coal for fuel, the smelting of iron upon a larger scale than men had ever done before, the steam pumping engine, the steam-engine and the steamboat, followed one another in an order that had a kind of logical necessity. It is the most interesting and instructive chapter in the history of human intelligence, the history of steam from its beginning as a fact in human consciousness to the perfection of the great turbine engines that preceded the utilisation of intra-molecular power. Nearly every human being must have seen steam, seen it incuriously for many thousands of years; the women in particular were always heating water, boiling it, seeing it boil away, seeing the lids of vessels dance with its fury; millions of people at different times must have watched steam pitching rocks out of volcanoes like cricket balls and blowing pumice into foam, and yet you may search the whole human record through, letters, books, inscriptions, pictures, for any glimmer of a realisation that here was force, here was strength to borrow and use. . . . Then suddenly man woke up to it, the railways spread like a network over the globe, the ever-enlarging iron steamships began their staggering fight against wind and wave.

Steam was the first comer in the new powers, it was

the beginning of the Age of Energy that was to close the long history of the Warring States.

But for a long time men did not realise the importance of this novelty. They would not recognise, they were not able to recognise, that anything fundamental had happened to their immemorial necessities. They called the steam-engine the "iron horse" and pretended that they had made the most partial of substitutions. Steam machinery and factory production were visibly revolutionising the conditions of industrial production, population was streaming steadily in from the countryside and concentrating in hitherto unthought-of masses about a few city centres, food was coming to them over enormous distances upon a scale that made the one sole precedent, the corn ships of imperial Rome, a petty incident; and a huge migration of peoples between Europe and Western Asia and America was in progress, and—nobody seems to have realised that something new had come into human life, a strange swirl different altogether from any previous circling and mutation, a swirl like the swirl when at last the lock gates begin to open after a long phase of accumulating water and eddying inactivity. . . .

The sober Englishman at the close of the nineteenth century could sit at his breakfast-table, decide between tea from Ceylon or coffee from Brazil, devour an egg from France with some Danish ham, or eat a New Zealand chop, wind up his breakfast with a West Indian banana, glance at the latest telegrams from all the world, scrutinise the prices current of his geographically distributed investments in South Africa, Japan and Egypt, and tell the two children he had begotten (in the place of his father's eight) that he thought the world changed very little. They must play cricket, keep their hair cut, go to the old school he had gone to, shirk the lessons he had shirked, learn a few scraps of Horace and Virgil and Homer for the confusion of cads, and all would be well with them. . . .

§ 5.

Electricity, though it was perhaps the earlier of the two to be studied, invaded the common life of men a few decades after the exploitation of steam. To electricity

also, in spite of its provocative nearness all about him, mankind had been utterly blind for incalculable ages.

Could anything be more emphatic than the appeal of electricity for attention? It thundered at man's ears, it signalled to him in blinding flashes, occasionally it killed him, and he could not see it as a thing that concerned him enough to merit study. It came into the house with the cat on any dry day and crackled insinuatingly whenever he stroked her fur. It rotted his metals when he put them together. . . . There is no single record that anyone questioned why the cat's fur crackles or why hair is so unruly to brush on a frosty day, before the sixteenth century. For endless years man seems to have done his very successful best not to think about it at all; until this new spirit of the Seeker turned itself to these things.

How often things must have been seen and dismissed as unimportant, before the speculative eye and the moment of vision came! It was Gilbert, Queen Elizabeth's court physician, who first puzzled his brains with rubbed amber and bits of glass and silk and shellac, and so began the quickening of the human mind to the existence of this universal presence. And even then the science of electricity remained a mere little group of curious facts for nearly two hundred years, connected perhaps with magnetism,—a mere guess that—perhaps with the lightning. Frog's legs must have hung by copper hooks from iron railings and twitched upon countless occasions before Galvani saw them. Except for the lightning conductor, it was 250 years after Gilbert before electricity stepped out of the cabinet of scientific curiosities into the life of the common man. . . . Then suddenly in the half century between 1880 and 1930 it ousted the steam-engine and took over traction, it ousted every other form of household heating, abolished distance with the perfected wireless telephone and the telephotograph. . . .

§ 6.

And there was an extraordinary mental resistance to discovery and invention for at least a hundred years after the scientific revolution had begun. Each new thing made its way into practice against a scepticism that amounted at

times to hostility. One writer upon these subjects gives a funny little domestic conversation that happened, he says, in the year 1898, within ten years, that is to say, of the time when the first aviators were fairly on the wing. He tells us how he sat at his desk in his study and conversed with his little boy.

His little boy was in profound trouble. He felt he had to speak very seriously to his father, and, as he was a kindly little boy, he did not want to do it too harshly.

This is what happened:—

"I wish, Daddy," he said, coming to his point, "that you wouldn't write all this stuff about flying. The chaps rot me."

"Yes?" said his father.

"And old Broomie, the Head I mean, he rots me. Everybody rots me."

"But there is going to be flying—quite soon."

The little boy was too well bred to say what he thought of that. "Anyhow," he said, "I wish you wouldn't write about it."

"You'll fly—lots of times—before you die," the father assured him.

The little boy looked unhappy.

The father hesitated. Then he opened a drawer and took out a blurred and under-developed photograph. "Come and look at this," he said.

The little boy came round to him. The photograph showed a stream and a meadow beyond and some trees, and in the air a black, pencil-like object with flat wings on either side of it. It was the first record of the first apparatus heavier than air that ever maintained itself in the air by mechanical force. Across the margin was written: "Here we go up, up, up—from S. P. Langley, Smithsonian Institute, Washington."

The father watched the effect of this reassuring document upon his son. "Well?" he said.

"That," said the schoolboy after reflection, "is only a model."

"Model to-day, man to-morrow."

The boy seemed divided in his allegiance. Then he decided for what he believed quite firmly to be omniscience. "But old Broomie," he said, "he told all the boys in his

class only yesterday, 'No man will ever fly.' No one, he says, who has ever shot grouse or pheasants on the wing would ever believe anything of the sort. . . ."

Yet that boy lived to fly across the Atlantic and edit his father's reminiscences.

§ 7.

At the close of the nineteenth century, as a multitude of passages in the literature of that time witness, it was thought that the fact that man had at last had successful and profitable dealings with the steam that scalded him and the electricity that flashed and banged about the sky at him, was an amazing and perhaps a culminating exercise of his intelligence and his intellectual courage. The air of "Nunc Dimittis" sounds in some of these writings. "The great things are discovered," wrote Gerald Brown in his summary of the nineteenth century. "For us there remains little but the working out of detail." The spirit of the seeker was still rare in the world; education was unskilled, unstimulating, scholarly and but little valued, and few people even then could have realised that Science was still but the flimsiest of trial sketches and discovery scarcely beginning. No one seems to have been afraid of science and its possibilities. Yet now, where there had been but a score or so of seekers, there were many thousands, and for one needle of speculation that had been probing the curtain of appearances in 1800, there were now hundreds. And already Chemistry, which had been content with her atoms and molecules for the better part of a century, was preparing herself for that vast next stride that was to revolutionise the whole life of man from top to bottom.

One realises how crude was the science of that time when one considers the case of the composition of air. This was determined by that strange genius and recluse, that man of mystery, that disembowelled intelligence, Henry Cavendish, towards the end of the eighteenth century. So far as he was concerned, the work was admirably done. He separated all the known ingredients of air with a precision altogether remarkable; he even put it upon record that he had some doubt about the purity of the nitrogen. For

more than a hundred years his determination was repeated by chemists all the world over, his apparatus was treasured in London, he became, as they used to say, "classic," and always, at every one of the innumerable repetitions of his experiment, that sly element argon was hiding among the nitrogen (and with a little helium and traces of other substances, and indeed all the hints that might have led to the new departures of the twentieth-century chemistry), and every time it slipped unobserved through the professorial fingers that repeated his procedure.

Is it any wonder, then, with this wide margin of inaccuracy, that up to the very dawn of the twentieth century scientific discovery was still rather a procession of happy incidents than an orderly conquest of Nature?

Yet the spirit of seeking was spreading steadily through the world. Even the schoolmaster could not check it. For the mere handful who grew up to feel wonder and curiosity about the secrets of nature in the nineteenth century, there were now at the beginning of the twentieth myriads escaping from the limitations of intellectual routine and the habitual life, in Europe, in America, North and South, in Japan, in China, and all about the world.

It was in 1910 that the parents of young Holsten, who was to be called by a whole generation of scientific men, "the greatest of European chemists," were staying in a villa near Santo Domenico between Fiesole and Florence. He was then only fifteen, but he was already distinguished as a mathematician and possessed by a savage appetite to understand. He had been particularly attracted by the mystery of phosphorescence and its apparent unrelatedness to every other source of light. He was to tell afterwards in his reminiscences how he watched the fireflies drifting and glowing among the dark trees in the garden of the villa under the warm blue night sky of Italy; how he caught and kept them in cages, dissected them, first studying the general anatomy of insects very elaborately, and how he began to experiment with the effect of various gases and varying temperature upon their light. Then the chance present of a little scientific toy invented by Sir William Crookes, a toy called the spinthariscope, on which radium particles impinge upon sulphide of zinc and make it luminous, induced him to associate the two sets of pheno-

mena. It was a happy association for his inquiries. It was a rare and fortunate thing, too, that anyone with the mathematical gift should have been taken by these curiosities.

§ 8.

And while the boy Holsten was mooning over his fireflies at Fiesole, a certain professor of physics named Rufus was giving a course of afternon lectures upon Radium and Radio-activity in Edinburgh. They were lectures that had attracted a very considerable amount of attention. He gave them in a small lecture-theatre that had become more and more congested as his course proceeded. At his concluding discussion it was crowded right up to the ceiling at the back, and there people were standing, standing without any sense of fatigue, so fascinating did they find his suggestions. One youngster in particular, a chuckle-headed, scrub-haired lad from the Highlands, sat hugging his knee with great sand-red hands and drinking in every word, eyes aglow, cheeks flushed and ears burning.

"And so," said the professor, "we see that this Radium which seemed at first a fantastic exception, a mad inversion of all that was most established and fundamental in the constitution of matter, is really at one with the rest of the elements. It does noticeably and forcibly what probably all the other elements are doing with an imperceptible slowness. It is like the single voice crying aloud that betrays the silent breathing multitude in the darkness. Radium is an element that is breaking up and flying to pieces. But perhaps all elements are doing that at less perceptible rates. Uranium certainly is; thorium—the stuff of this incandescent gas mantle—certainly is; actinium. I feel that we are but beginning the list. And we know now that the atom, that once we thought hard and impenetrable, and indivisible and final and—lifeless—lifeless, is really a reservoir of immense energy. That is the most wonderful thing about all this work. A little while ago we thought of the atoms as we thought of bricks, as solid building material, as substantial matter, as unit masses of lifeless stuff, and behold! these bricks are boxes, treasure boxes, boxes full of the intensest force. This little bottle contains about a pint of uranium oxide; that is to say about fourteen ounces

of the element uranium. It is worth about a pound. And in this bottle, ladies and gentlemen, in the atoms in this bottle there slumbers at least as much energy as we could get by burning a hundred and sixty tons of coal. If at a word in one instant I could suddenly release that energy here and now, it would blow us and everything about us to fragments; if I could turn it into the machinery that lights this city, it could keep Edinburgh brightly lit for a week. But at present no man knows, no man has an inkling of how this little lump of stuff can be made to hasten the release of its store. It does release it, as a burn trickles. Slowly the uranium changes into radium, the radium changes into a gas called the radium emanation, and that again to what we call radium A, and so the process goes on, giving out energy at every stage, until at last we reach the last stage of all, which is, so far as we can tell at present, lead. But we cannot hasten it."

"I take ye, man," whispered the chuckle-headed lad, with his red hands tightening like a vice upon his knee. "I take ye, man. Go on! Oh, go on!"

The professor went on after a little pause. "Why is the change gradual?" he asked. "Why does only a minute fraction of the radium disintegrate in any particular second? Why does it dole itself out so slowly and so exactly? Why does not all the uranium change to radium and all the radium change to the next lowest thing at once? Why this decay by driblets; why not a decay *en masse*? . . . Suppose presently we find it is possible to quicken that decay?"

The chuckle-headed lad nodded rapidly. The wonderful, inevitable idea was coming. He drew his knee up towards his chin and swayed in his seat with excitement. "Why not?" he echoed, "why not?"

The professor lifted his forefinger.

"Given that knowledge," he said, "mark what we should be able to do! We should not only be able to use this uranium and thorium. Not only should we have a source of power so potent that a man might carry in his hand the energy to light a city for a year, fight a fleet of battleships or drive one of our giant liners across the Atlantic; but we should also have a clue that would enable us at last to quicken the process of disintegration in all

the other elements, where decay is still so slow as to escape our finest measurements. Every scrap of solid matter in the world would become an available reservoir of concentrated force. Do you realise, ladies and gentlemen, what these things would mean for us?"

The scrub head nodded. "Oh, go on! Go on!"

"It would mean a change in human conditions that I can only compare to the discovery of fire, that first discovery that lifted man above the brute. We stand to-day towards radio-activity exactly as our ancestor stood towards fire before he had learnt to make it. He knew it then only as a strange thing utterly beyond his control, a flare on the crest of the volcano, a red destruction that poured through the forest. So it is that we know radio-activity to-day. This—this is the dawn of a new day in human living. At the climax of that civilisation which had its beginning in the hammered flint and the fire-stick of the savage, just when it is becoming apparent that our ever-increasing needs cannot be borne indefinitely by our present sources of energy, we discover suddenly the possibility of an entirely new civilisation. The energy we need for our very existence, and with which Nature supplies us still so grudgingly, is in reality locked up in inconceivable quantities all about us. We cannot pick that lock at present, but——"

He paused. His voice sank so that everybody strained a little to hear him.

"——we will."

He put up that lean finger again, his solitary gesture.

"And then," he said. . . .

"Then that perpetual struggle for existence, that perpetual struggle to live on the bare surplus of Nature's energies will cease to be the lot of Man. Man will step from the pinnacle of this civilisation to the beginning of the next. I have no eloquence, ladies and gentlemen, to express the vision of man's material destiny that opens out before me. I see the desert continents transformed, the poles no longer wildernesses of ice, the whole world once more Eden. I see the power of man reach out among the stars. . . ."

He stopped abruptly with a catching of the breath that many an actor or orator might have envied. . . .

The lecture was over, the audience hung silent for a few seconds, sighed, became audible, stirred, fluttered, prepared for dispersal. More light was turned on, and what had been a dim mass of figures became a bright confusion of movement. Some of the people signalled to friends, some crowded down towards the platform to examine the lecturer's apparatus and make notes of his diagrams. But the chuckle-headed lad with the scrub hair wanted no such detailed frittering away of the thoughts that had inspired him. He wanted to be alone with them; he elbowed his way out almost fiercely, he made himself as angular and bony as a cow, fearing lest someone should speak to him, lest someone should invade his glowing sphere of enthusiasm.

He went through the streets with a rapt face, like a saint who sees visions. He had arms disproportionately long and ridiculous big feet.

He must get alone, get somewhere high out of all this crowding of commonness of everyday life.

He made his way to the top of Arthur's Seat, and there he sat for a long time in the golden evening sunshine, still, except that ever and again he whispered to himself some precious phrase that had stuck in his mind.

"If," he whispered, "if only we could pick that lock. . . ."

The sun was sinking over the distant hills. Already it was shorn of its beams, a globe of ruddy gold, hanging over the great banks of cloud that would presently engulf it.

"Eh!" said the youngster. "Eh!"

He seemed to wake up at last out of his entrancement, and the red sun was there before his eyes. He stared at it, at first without intelligence and then with a gathering recognition. Into his mind came a strange echo of that ancestral fancy, that fancy of a Stone Age savage, dead and scattered bones among the drift two hundred thousand years ago.

"Ye auld thing," he said, and his eyes were shining and he made a kind of grabbing gesture with his hand; "Ye auld red thing. . . . We'll have ye *yet*."

CHAPTER THE FIRST

The New Source of Energy.

§ 1.

The problem which was already being mooted by such scientific men as Ramsay, Rutherford, and Soddy, in the very beginning of the twentieth century, the problem of inducing radio-activity in the heavier elements and so tapping the internal energy of atoms, was solved by a wonderful combination of induction, intuition and luck by Holsten so soon as the year 1933. From the first detection of radio-activity to its first subjugation to human purpose measured little more than a quarter of a century. For twenty years after that, indeed, minor difficulties prevented any striking practical application of his success, but the essential thing was done, this new boundary in the march of human progress was crossed, in that year. He set up atomic disintegration in a minute particle of bismuth, it exploded with great violence into a heavy gas of extreme radio-activity, which disintegrated in its turn in the course of seven days, and it was only after another year's work that he was able to show practically that the last result of this rapid release of energy was gold. But the thing was done,—at the cost of a blistered chest and an injured finger, and from the moment when the invisible speck of bismuth flashed into riving and rending energy, Holsten knew that he had opened a way for mankind, however narrow and dark it might still be, to worlds of limitless power. He recorded as much in the strange diary biography he left the world, a diary that was up to that particular moment a mass of speculations and calculations, and which suddenly became for a space an amazingly minute and human record of sensations and emotions that all humanity might understand.

He gives, in broken phrases and often single words, it is true, but none the less vividly for that, a record of the twenty-four hours following the demonstration of the correctness of his intricate tracery of computations and guesses. "I thought I should not sleep," he writes—the

words he omitted are supplied in brackets—(on account of) "pain in (the) hand and chest and (the) wonder of what I had done. . . . Slept like a child."

He felt strange and disconcerted the next morning; he had nothing to do, he was living alone in apartments in Bloomsbury, and he decided to go up to Hampstead Heath, which he had known when he was a little boy as a breezy playground. He went up by the underground tube that was then the recognised means of travel from one part of London to another, and walked up Heath Street from the tube station to the open heath. He found it a gully of planks and scaffoldings between the hoardings of house-wreckers. The spirit of the times had seized upon that narrow, steep and winding thoroughfare, and was in the act of making it commodious and interesting according to the remarkable ideals of Neo-Georgian æstheticism. Such is the illogical quality of humanity that Holsten, fresh from work that was like a petard under the seat of the current civilisation, saw these changes with regret. He had come up Heath Street perhaps a thousand times, had known the windows of all the little shops, spent hours in the vanished cinematograph theatre, and marvelled at the high-flung early Georgian houses upon the westward bank of that old gully of a thoroughfare; he felt strange with all these familiar things gone. He escaped at last with a feeling of relief from this choked alley of trenches and holes and cranes, and emerged upon the old familiar scene about the White Stone Pond. That at least was very much as it used to be.

There were still the fine old red-brick houses to left and right of him; the reservoir had been improved by a portico of marble, the white-fronted inn with the clustering flowers above its portico still stood out at the angle of the ways, and the blue view to Harrow Hill and Harrow spire, a view of hills and trees and shining waters and wind-driven cloud-shadows, was like the opening of a great window to the ascending Londoner. All that was very reassuring. There was the same strolling crowd, the same perpetual miracle of motors dodging through it harmlessly, escaping headlong into the country from the Sabbatical stuffiness behind and below them. There was a band still, a women's suffrage meeting—for the suffrage women had

won their way back to the tolerance, a trifle derisive, of the populace again—Socialist orators, politicians, a band, and the same wild uproar of dogs, frantic with the gladness of their one blessed weekly release from the back-yard and the chain. And away along the road to the "Spaniards" strolled a vast multitude, saying as ever that the view of London was exceptionally clear that day.

Young Holsten's face was white. He walked with that uneasy affectation of ease that marks an overstrained nervous system and an under-exercised body. He hesitated at the White Stone Pond whether to go to the left of it or the right, and again at the fork of the roads. He kept shifting his stick in his hand, and every now and then he would get in the way of people on the footpath or be jostled by them because of the uncertainty of his movements. He felt, he confesses, "inadequate to ordinary existence." He seemed to himself to be something inhuman and mischievous. All the people about him looked fairly prosperous, fairly happy, fairly well adapted to the lives they had to lead,—a week of work and a Sunday of best clothes and mild promenading—and he had launched something that would disorganise the entire fabric that held their contentments and ambitions and satisfactions together. "Felt like an imbecile who has presented a box of loaded revolvers to a Crêche," he notes.

He met a man named Lawson, an old schoolfellow, of whom history now knows only that he was red-faced and had a terrier. He and Holsten walked together, and Holsten was sufficiently pale and jumpy for Lawson to tell him he overworked and needed a holiday. They sat down at a little table outside the County Council house of Golders Hill Park and sent one of the waiters to the "Bull and Bush" for a couple of bottles of beer, no doubt at Lawson's suggestion. The beer warmed Holsten's rather dehumanised system. He began to tell Lawson as clearly as he could to what his great discovery amounted. Lawson feigned attention, but indeed he had neither the knowledge nor the imagination to understand. "In the end, before many years are out, this must eventually change war, transit, lighting, building, and every sort of manufacture, even agriculture, every material human concern——"

Then Holsten stopped short. Lawson had leapt to his

feet. "Damn that dog!" cried Lawson. "Look at it now. Hi! Here! *Phewoo-phewoo-phewoo!* Come *here*, Bobs! Come *here*!"

The young scientific man with his bandaged hand sat at the green table, too tired to convey the wonder of the thing he had sought so long, his friend whistled and bawled for his dog, and the Sunday people drifted about them through the spring sunshine. For a moment or so Holsten stared at Lawson in astonishment, for he had been too intent upon what he had been saying to realise how little Lawson had attended.

Then he remarked, "*Well!*" and smiled faintly and finished the tankard of beer before him.

Lawson sat down again. "One must look after one's dog," he said, with a note of apology. "What was it you were telling me?"

§ 2.

In the evening Holsten went out again. He walked to Saint Paul's Cathedral and stood for a time near the door listening to the evening service. The candles upon the altar reminded him in some odd way of the fireflies at Fiesole. Then he walked back through the evening lights to Westminster. He was oppressed, he was indeed scared, by his sense of the immense consequences of his discovery. He had a vague idea that night that he ought not to publish his results, that they were premature, that some secret association of wise men should take care of his work and hand it on from generation to generation until the world was riper for its practical application. He felt that nobody in all the thousands of people he passed had really awakened to the fact of change; they trusted the world for what it was, not to alter too rapidly, to respect their trusts, their assurances, their habits, their little accustomed traffics and hard-won positions.

He went into those little gardens beneath the overhanging, brightly-lit masses of the Savoy Hotel and the Hotel Cecil. He sat down on a seat and became aware of the talk of the two people next to him. It was the talk of a young couple evidently on the eve of marriage. The man was congratulating himself on having regular employ-

ment at last. "They like me," he said, "and I like the job. If I work up—in'r dozen years or so I ought to be gettin' somethin' pretty comfortable. That's the plain sense of it, Hetty. There ain't no reason whatsoever why we shouldn't get along very decently—very decently indeed."

The desire for little successes amidst conditions securely fixed! So it struck upon Holsten's mind. He added in his diary: "I had a sense of all this globe as that. . . ."

By that phrase he meant a kind of clairvoyant vision of this populated world as a whole, of all its cities and towns and villages, its high roads and the inns beside them, its gardens and farms and upland pastures, its boatmen and sailors, its ships coming along the great circles of the ocean, its time-tables and appointments and payments and dues, as it were one unified and unprogressive spectacle. Sometimes such visions came to him; his mind, accustomed to great generalisations and yet acutely sensitive to detail, saw things far more comprehensively than the minds of most of his contemporaries. Usually the teeming sphere moved on to its predestined ends and circled with a stately swiftness on its path about the sun. Usually it was all a living progress that altered under his regard. But now fatigue a little deadened him to that incessancy of life, it seemed now just an eternal circling. He lapsed to the commoner persuasion of the great fixities and recurrencies of the human routine. The remoter past of wandering savagery, the inevitable changes of to-morrow were veiled, and he saw only day and night, seed-time and harvest, loving and begetting, births and deaths, walks in the summer sunlight and tales by the winter fireside, the ancient sequence of hope and acts and age perennially renewed, eddying on for ever and ever,—save that now the impious hand of research was raised to overthrow this drowsy, gently humming, habitual, sunlit spinning-top of man's existence. . . .

For a time he forgot wars and crimes and hates and persecutions, famine and pestilence, the cruelties of beasts, weariness and the bitter wind, failure and insufficiency and retrocession. He saw all mankind in terms of the humble Sunday couple upon the seat beside him, who schemed

their inglorious outlook and improbable contentments. "I had a sense of all this globe as that."

His intelligence struggled against this mood and struggled for a time in vain. He reassured himself against the invasion of this disconcerting idea that he was something strange and inhuman, a loose wanderer from the flock returning with evil gifts from his sustained unnatural excursions amidst the darknesses and phosphorescences beneath the fair surfaces of life. Man had not been always thus; the instincts and desires of the little home, the little plot, was not all his nature; also he was an adventurer, an experimenter, an unresting curiosity, an insatiable desire. For a few thousand generations, indeed, he had tilled the earth and followed the seasons, saying his prayers, grinding his corn and trampling the October winepress, yet not for so long but that he was still full of restless stirrings. . . .

"If there have been home and routine and the field," thought Holsten, "there have also been wonder and the sea."

He turned his head and looked up over the back of the seat at the great hotels above him, full of softly shaded lights and the glow and colour and stir of feasting. Might his gift to mankind mean simply more of that? . . .

He got up and walked out of the garden, surveyed a passing tramcar, laden with warm light against the deep blues of evening, dripping and trailing long skirts of shining reflection; he crossed the Embankment and stood for a time watching the dark river and turning ever and again to the lit buildings and bridges. His mind began to scheme conceivable replacements of all those clustering arrangements. . . .

"It has begun," he writes in the diary in which these things are recorded. "It is not for me to reach out to consequences I cannot foresee. I am a part, not a whole; I am a little instrument in the armoury of Change. If I were to burn all these papers, before a score of years had passed some other man would be doing this. . . ."

§ 3.

Holsten, before he died, was destined to see atomic energy dominating every other source of power, but for some

years yet a vast network of difficulties in detail and application kept the new discovery from any effective invasion of ordinary life. The path from the laboratory to the workshop is sometimes a tortuous one; electro-magnetic radiations were known and demonstrated for twenty years before Marconi made them practically available, and in the same way it was twenty years before induced radio-activity could be brought to practical utilisation. The thing, of course, was discussed very much, more perhaps at the time of its discovery than during the interval of technical adaptation, but with very little realisation of the huge economic revolution that impended. What chiefly impressed the journalists of 1933 was the production of gold from bismuth and the realisation, albeit upon unprofitable lines, of the alchemist's dreams; there was a considerable amount of discussion and expectation in that more intelligent section of the educated publics of the various civilised countries which followed scientific development; but for the most part the world went about its business—as the inhabitants of those Swiss villages which live under the perpetual threat of overhanging rocks and mountains go about their business—just as though the possible was impossible, as though the inevitable was postponed for ever because it was delayed.

It was in 1953 that the first Holsten-Roberts engine brought induced radio-activity into the sphere of industrial production, and its first general use was to replace the steam-engine in electrical generating stations. Hard upon the appearance of this came the Dass-Tata engine—the invention of two among the brilliant galaxy of Bengali inventors the modernisation of Indian thought was producing at this time—which was used chiefly for automobiles, aeroplanes, water-planes and such-like mobile purposes. The American Kemp engine, differing widely in principle but equally practicable, and the Krupp-Erlanger came hard upon the heels of this, and by the autumn of 1954 a gigantic replacement of industrial methods and machinery was in progress all about the habitable globe. Small wonder was this when the cost even of these earliest and clumsiest of atomic engines is compared with that of the power they superseded. Allowing for lubrication, the Dass-Tata engine, once it was started, cost a penny to run thirty-seven miles, and added only nine and a quarter pounds to the weight of the carriage

it drove. It made the heavy alcohol-driven automobile of the time ridiculous in appearance as well as preposterously costly. For many years the price of coal and every form of liquid fuel had been clambering to levels that made even the revival of the draft-horse seem a practicable possibility, and now, with the abrupt relaxation of this stringency, the change in appearance of the traffic upon the world's roads was instantaneous. In three years the frightful armoured monsters that had hooted and smoked and thundered about the world for four awful decades were swept away to the dealers in old metal, and the highways thronged with light and clean and shimmering shapes of silvered steel. At the same time a new impetus was given to aviation by the relatively enormous power for weight of the atomic engine; it was at last possible to add Redmayne's ingenious helicopter ascent and descent engine to the vertical propeller that had hitherto been the sole driving force of the aeroplane without overweighting the machine, and men found themselves possessed of an instrument of flight that could hover or ascend or descend vertically and gently as well as rush wildly through the air. The last dread of flying vanished. As the journalists of the time phrased it, this was the epoch of the Leap into the Air. The new atomic aeroplane became indeed a mania; everyone of means was frantic to possess a thing so controllable, so secure, and so free from the dust and danger of the road, and in France alone in the year 1943 thirty thousand of these new aeroplanes were manufactured and licensed and soared humming softly into the sky.

And with an equal speed atomic engines of various types invaded industrialism. The railways paid enormous premiums for priority in the delivery of atomic traction engines, atomic smelting was embarked upon so eagerly as to lead to a number of disastrous explosions due to inexperienced handling of the new power, and the revolutionary cheapening of both materials and electricity made the entire reconstruction of domestic buildings a matter merely dependent upon a reorganisation of the methods of the builder and the house furnisher. Viewed from the side of the new power and from the point of view of those who financed and manufactured the new engines and material it required, the age of the Leap into the Air was one of

astonishing prosperity. Patent-holding companies were presently paying dividends of five or six hundred per cent., and enormous fortunes were made and fantastic wages earned by all who were concerned in the new developments. This prosperity was not a little enhanced by the fact that in both the Dass-Tata and Holsten-Roberts engines one of the recoverable waste products was gold—the former disintegrated dust of bismuth and the latter dust of lead—and that this new supply of gold led quite naturally to a rise in prices throughout the world.

This spectacle of feverish enterprise was productivity, this crowding flight of happy and fortunate rich people—every great city was as if a crawling ant-hill had suddenly taken wing—was the bright side of the opening phase of the new epoch in human history. Beneath that brightness was a gathering darkness, a deepening dismay. If there was a vast development of production, there was also a huge destruction of values. These glaring factories working night and day, these glittering new vehicles swinging noiselessly along the roads, these flights of dragon-flies that swooped and soared and circled in the air, were indeed no more than the brightnesses of lamps and fires that gleam out when the world sinks towards twilight and the night. Between these high lights accumulated disaster, social catastrophe. The coal mines were manifestly doomed to closure at no very distant date, the vast amount of capital invested in oil was becoming unsaleable, millions of coal-miners, steel-workers upon the old lines, vast swarms of unskilled or underskilled labourers in innumerable occupations were being flung out of employment by the superior efficiency of the new machinery, the rapid fall in the cost of transit was destroying high land values at every centre of population, the value of existing house property had become problematical, gold was undergoing headlong depreciation, all the securities upon which the credit of the world rested were slipping and sliding, banks were tottering, the stock exchanges were scenes of feverish panic;—this was the reverse of the spectacle, these were the black and monstrous under-consequences of the Leap into the Air.

There is a story of a demented London stockbroker running out into Threadneedle Street and tearing off his clothes as he ran. "The Steel Trust is scrapping the whole of its

plant," he shouted. "The State Railways are going to scrap all their engines. Everything's going to be scrapped—everything. Come and scrap the Mint, you fellows, come and scrap the Mint!"

In the year 1955 the suicide rate for the United States of America quadrupled any previous record. There was an enormous increase also in violent crime throughout the world. The thing had come upon an unprepared humanity; it seemed as though human society was to be smashed by its own magnificent gains.

For there had been no foresight of these things. There had been no attempt anywhere even to compute the probable dislocations this flood of inexpensive energy would produce in human affairs. The world in these days was not really governed at all, in the sense in which government came to be understood in subsequent years. Government was a treaty, not a design; it was forensic, conservative, disputatious, unseeing, unthinking, uncreative; throughout the world, except where the vestiges of absolutism still sheltered the Court favourite and the trusted servant, it was in the hands of the predominant caste of lawyers, who had an enormous advantage in being the only trained caste. Their professional education and every circumstance in the manipulation of the fantastically naïve electoral methods by which they clambered to power, conspired to keep them contemptuous of facts, conscientiously unimaginative, alert to claim and seize advantages, and suspicious of every generosity. Government was an obstructive business of energetic factions, progress went on outside of and in spite of public activities, and legislation was the last crippling recognition of needs so clamorous and imperative and facts so aggressively established as to invade even the dingy seclusions of the judges and threaten the very existence of the otherwise inattentive political machine.

The world was so little governed that with the very coming of plenty, in the full tide of an incalculable abundance, when everything necessary to satisfy human needs and everything necessary to realise such will and purpose as existed then in human hearts was already at hand, one has still to tell of hardship, famine, anger, confusion, conflict and incoherent suffering. There was no scheme for the distribution of this vast new wealth that

had come at last within the reach of men; there was no clear conception that any such distribution was possible. As one attempts a comprehensive view of those opening years of the new age, as one measures it against the latent achievement that later years have demonstrated, one begins to measure the blindness, the narrowness, the insensate, unimaginative individualism of the pre-atomic time. Under this tremendous dawn of power and freedom, under a sky ablaze with promise, in the very presence of science standing like some bountiful goddess over all the squat darknesses of human life, holding patiently in her strong arms, until men chose to take them, security, plenty, the solution of riddles, the key of the bravest adventures, in her very presence, and with the earnest of her gifts in court, the world was to witness such things as the squalid spectacle of the Dass-Tata patent litigation.

There in a stuffy court in London, a grimy oblong box of a room, during the exceptional heat of the May of 1956, the leading counsel of the day argued and shouted over a miserable little matter of more royalties or less, and whether the Dass-Tata company might not bar the Holsten-Roberts methods of utilising the new power. The Dass-Tata people were indeed making a strenuous attempt to secure a world monopoly in atomic engineering. The judge, after the manner of those times, sat raised above the court, wearing a preposterous gown and a foolish, huge wig; the counsel also wore dirty-looking little wigs and queer black gowns over their usual costume, wigs and gowns that were held to be necessary to their pleading, and upon unclean wooden benches stirred and whispered artful-looking solicitors, busily scribbling reporters, the parties to the case, expert witnesses, interested people, and a jostling confusion of subpœnaed persons, briefless young barristers (forming a style on the most esteemed and truculent examples), and casual eccentric spectators who preferred this pit of iniquity to the free sunlight outside. Everyone was damply hot, the examining King's Counsel wiped the perspiration from his huge, clean-shaven upper lip, and into this atmosphere of grasping contention and human exhalations the daylight filtered through a window that was manifestly dirty. The jury sat in a double pew to the left of the judge, looking as uncomfortable as frogs that have

fallen into an ash-pit, and in the witness-box lied the would-be omnivorous Dass, under cross-examination.

Holsten had always been accustomed to publish his results as soon as they appeared to him to be sufficiently advanced to furnish a basis for further work, and to that confiding disposition and one happy flash of adaptive invention the alert Dass owed his claim. . . .

But indeed a vast multitude of such sharp people were clutching, patenting, pre-empting, monopolising this or that feature of the new development, seeking to subdue this gigantic winged power to the purposes of their little lusts and avarice. That trial is just one of innumerable disputes of the same kind. For a time the face of the world festered with patent legislation. It chanced, however, to have one oddly dramatic feature in the fact that Holsten, after being kept waiting about the court for two days as a beggar might have waited at a rich man's door, after being bullied by ushers and watched by policemen, was called as a witness, rather severely handled by counsel, and told not to "quibble" by the judge when he was trying to be absolutely explicit.

The judge scratched his nose with a quill pen, and sneered at Holsten's astonishment round the corner of his monstrous wig. Holsten was a great man, was he? Well, in a law-court great men were put in their places.

"We want to know has the plaintiff added anything to this or hasn't he?" said the judge. "We don't want to have your views whether Sir Philip Dass's improvements were merely superficial adaptations or whether they were implicit in your paper. No doubt—after the manner of inventors—you think most things that were ever likely to be discovered are implicit in your papers. No doubt also you think, too, that most subsequent additions and modifications are merely superficial. Inventors have a way of thinking that. The law isn't concerned with that sort of thing. The law has nothing to do with the vanity of inventors. The law is concerned with the question whether these patent rights have the novelty the plaintiff claims for them. What that admission may or may not stop, and all these other things you are saying in your overflowing zeal to answer more than the questions addressed to you—none of these things have anything whatever to do with the case

in hand. It is a matter of constant astonishment to me in this court to see how you scientific men, with all your extraordinary claims to precision and veracity, wander and wander so soon as you get into the witness-box. I know no more unsatisfactory class of witness. The plain and simple question is, has Sir Philip Dass made any real addition to existing knowledge and methods in this matter, or has he not? We don't want to know whether they were large or small additions, nor what the consequences of your admission may be. That you will leave to us."

Holsten was silent.

"Surely?" said the judge almost pityingly.

"No, he hasn't," said Holsten, perceiving that for once in his life he must disregard infinitesimals.

"Ah!" said the judge. "Now, why couldn't you say that when counsel put the question? . . .

An entry in Holsten's diary-autobiography dated five days later runs: "Still amazed. The law is the most dangerous thing in the country. It is hundreds of years old. It hasn't an idea. The oldest of old bottles and this new wine, the most explosive wine. Something will overtake them."

(To be continued.)

Modern Thought and the Renaissance

By L. March Phillipps

Among the signs which are most interesting and significant in the life of to-day are those which seem to prophesy, if not the collapse, at least the modification, of the habits of thought sanctioned by the Renaissance. We are living amid the processes of a mental revolution. The Renaissance intellectualised man, and what followed was that the vehicles through which man expressed himself had to become intellectualised also; had to become fit, that is to say, to represent a rational and scientific view of the universe. This metamorphosis of language and of art was duly effected, and everyone who had a hand in effecting it was perfectly convinced that he was doing work which would never need to be revised. But now the mind of man is again changing. The methods of intellectualism are in their turn proving inadequate. Man is once more aware of a universe without this concrete universe. There is awakening within him a faculty other than intellect, an emotional and spiritual faculty which apprehends, not finite things completely, but infinite things incompletely. Spiritual suggestions are whispered to us by all we see. Not a pebble on the beach or a daisy in the field but palter with us to-day in a double sense. The texture of our intelligence is altered. It has lost its reliance on clear-cut rationalism and is learning to rely instead on the glimmerings of spiritual intuition.

And what follows, of course, now as before, is that all the means and vehicles through which man expresses himself have to be put through the same change which the mind of man itself has undergone. They have to be fitted to represent a spiritual and emotional view of the universe. The change is taking place all round us, and we shall, perhaps, best notice its nature and direction if we compare the point of view of the eighteenth century (ere yet the

change began) with ours. We shall best effect this by one or two salient comparisons in the matter of language and art. Language and art are the two chief modes of expression of life, and since both are inspired from the same source, any modifications which occur in one will be reflected in the other. We shall find, in fact, that much the same differences which separate modern painting from the painting of Sir Joshua and his school, separate the talk of to-day from the talk of Johnson's club.

If the reader will glance at the development of the two modes of expression he will see how closely they correspond. Painting, as we have understood the art up to the last few years, was a creation of the Renaissance. It was an art systematised by the mental conditions which then prevailed. Florence, the birthplace and home of Renaissance art, was the birthplace and home of the intellectual movement. It was in Florence that the rational impulse which impels man to examine into the causes of phenomena, to analyse the composition and contents of objects, their structure and laws of motion, first assumed the proportions of an ideal or rule of life. The intellectual precepts of observation, definition, classification were enforced in Florence with an extraordinary disinterestedness. In short, in the task of intellectualising, as we just now called it, the human mind, which the Renaissance was destined to carry out, Florence led the way. And it was because she led the way in thought that she also led the way in art. For in the sphere of art precisely similar obligations were necessarily incurred. As life becomes rational, so too must art, which is an expression of life, become rational likewise. And if we would inquire what the rationalising of art means, we have but to follow the process of the development of Renaissance art in Florence. That quality in which Renaissance art is progressive, from its dawn to its culmination, is its capacity for correct representation. The Renaissance declares itself as a naturalistic movement in art, and that character it maintains. From Giotto to Michael Angelo each generation of artists extends and widens its control over its subject matter. In the first place, the forms and faces of men begin to acquire a certain vitality on the canvas, and the old strict Byzantine poses and expressions are invaded by some semblance of reality. Then the objects

with which the thoughts of man are more immediately concerned, such as garments, furniture, and chiefly architecture, begin to be similarly dealt with. Next natural objects, such as trees and flowers, but chiefly of the cultivated kinds, are touched in the same way with the spirit of realism, while finally those remote and savage aspects of nature, mountain-tops, precipices, and torrents, and wild ravines, as they are the last to attract conscious thought and interest, so they are the last also to submit themselves to the process of realistic representation.

It will be seen that, in this development in the sphere of art, we have a reflection of the intellectual development which is now taking place in men's minds. What painting shows us in visible operation is that desire to define correctly and describe accurately which is characteristic of the awakened rational faculty. In short, the effort of Renaissance art in this direction of realistic representation may be described as an intellectual effort, and the laws it from time to time formulates and lays down for its own guidance and instruction, the laws of perspective and foreshortening, the sense of form to be attained by modelling and anatomy, the vigorous relief achieved by the use of chiaroscuro, are laws of a strictly scientific habit and invariably devoted to the service of reality. Florence's position in Renaissance art is therefore an obviously appropriate one. Her painters and sculptors worked hand in hand with her philosophers and men of letters. This was what made her art irresistible. It is sometimes wondered why certain other schools appeared unable to propagate their ideals and perished prematurely. Why, more especially, did not the Flemish school, in which the inspiration of mediævalism is so beautifully embodied, extend and develop its influence? Because, the answer evidently is, it was not fed on acceptable ideas, on the ideas which were supplanting the mediæval standard. The difference between Florence and Antwerp is that one was guided by ideas that were coming in, and the other by ideas that were going out. Florentine principles of art made their way because they were supported by a philosophy of life which was destined to receive European sanction. Florence it was which set the example of fashioning art into an expressive and fit instrument for an intellectualised civilisation.

We need not follow here the steps by which the Italian artistic system was extended to other countries. That it was everywhere received and held to be sovereign authority down to quite recent years the reader is aware. If it fails now or seems inclined to fail, it owes its failure to the same cause to which it owed its success, namely, to the need of adapting art forms to a new influx of ideas. The spiritual and emotional intuitions now prevalent have a difficulty in voicing themselves in the scientific phraseology of Renaissance art. They decline to recognise with that art the importance of the concrete. The first staggering blow at the authority of the intellectual system was dealt sixty years ago, when the Italian tradition was first called in question by the Pre-Raphaelites. That revolt but bears its natural fruit to-day in the theory which declares, not only that the artist owes nothing to authority in the matter of composition, but that the science of representation is equally at his disposal and that he may at pleasure dispense with the principles of foreshortening, perspective, and correct drawing in the rendering of what he has to say. The principles which had built up Renaissance art in Italy were never, perhaps, in spite of the efforts of Reynolds, much appreciated in this country. Their tendency in British hands was to harden into a number of arbitrary conventions, behind which the original motives of proportion and selection were effectually concealed. A system of æsthetics so travestied and misunderstood was powerless to resist the brisk attack of the Pre-Raphaelites. It fell, and with it fell the authority of the Renaissance tradition considered as a matter of æsthetic instruction. There remained still, however, the scientific aspect of that tradition, its knowledge of how we see and how things should be represented in accordance with the laws of sight. What the Pre-Raphaelites had done for the æsthetic side of the tradition, the Post Impressionists and Futurists have announced their intention of doing for the scientific side. Their success will signify the final disintegration and dissolution of the artistic vehicle of expression which the age of intellect brought to maturity.

These are tendencies and developments which, as illustrated in art, are obvious and unmistakable. We can see quite plainly the precepts and expedients of the old law

going down under the attack of the Brotherhood. And in just the same way we can see the scientific rules of perspective and correct representation laid in the dust by the experimentalists of the present day. The whole process of the break up of the old intellectual tradition as it affects painting is being carried on before our very eyes. But the same process is operating in other directions also. The revolt against the exclusively intellectual development of the Renaissance belongs to the modern view of life. It is inherent in modern thought. It reveals itself in every means by which men express their ideas or emotions. I have pointed to the resemblance in this respect between the arts of conversation and painting; both of which means of expression, developed on similar lines, have passed through very similar changes.

What is noticeable in the society of the eighteenth century is the immense respect of talkers for the language they talk in. It is quite clearly recognised that, apart from what is said, the way of saying it matters enormously. None of the talkers of the Johnson group ever think of beginning a sentence without foreseeing the end of it. They would not at hazard, in the modern manner, set-off talking the moment an idea occurred to them, leaving the issue to chance. Their respect for their medium forbade such a course. The choice of words, the cast and balance of the phrases, the emphasis of the climax are rapidly foreseen, and the completed sentence has the solidity and firmness of outline which we associate with the arts of form. Consider, not the wit only, but the form of Johnson's retort on poor Ogilvie and his "noble, wild prospects" of Scotland: "I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble, wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road to England." This, as the reader will see, is plastic language, or language endowed with the quality of form. It is not the high road to England only that counts, but the prospects of Norway and Lapland and the ominous roll of the "but, Sir, let me tell you." The whole speech is organic as a sculptured figure, the impressive gesture of which is endorsed and sustained by the entire pose of the body.

There is no need, however, to quote from conversations which are familiar to everyone. It will be sufficient to draw attention to the easily recognisable character and quality of those conversations. When Pope wrote of Addison that he was "born to write, converse, and live with ease," he was thinking of conversation as an accomplishment which exacted the allegiance of cultured society to a recognised and more or less clearly defined standard of excellence. The art of conversation, like all art, was concerned less directly with the thought than with the form in which it was uttered. The Johnson Club all talk alike. Beauclerk, Burke, Reynolds, even Boswell himself, all aim at the same clearness, weight, and precision of utterance. It is not that they imitate Johnson himself; the style is too universal throughout society and too diffused through the literature of the day for such an explanation to be admissible; rather it is that all are endeavouring to enforce one and the same standard of excellence. It is obvious that no style can exist in talk or art, or anything else, save in so far as individuals agree to accept general principles. The submission of the individual authorises the principle, or law, on which style is built; the self-assertion of the individual undermines and disintegrates it. Reynolds was never tired of preaching this doctrine in the sphere of painting. Nothing pleases without a reason, he would urge; that is to say, all artistic pleasure is based on fixed laws inherent in the subject, and the business of the artist is, not to humour his own whims and caprices, but to divine those fixed laws which belong to the art he is cultivating. Reynolds' teaching was in tune with the whole Renaissance tradition, and he rather perhaps expressed what all felt to be the case than introduced any novel theory or influence. At any rate, his views were acquiesced in and form the intellectual basis of the art of the day. Every eighteenth-century artist is well aware of a tradition which dictates to him the choice to a great extent and management of his subject, which suggests to him suitable images of dignity and grace, and supplies him with ideas as to the right treatment of landscape and foliage; and the consequence of this universal recognition is that similarity which draws together all the members of Reynolds' group within the definition of a single style. Reynolds' group all paint alike, just as Johnson's group

all talk alike. Not that the painters copied Reynolds any more than the talkers copied Johnson, but because, as I just now said, both sides were enforcing a similar standard of excellence. Will the reader compare the methods of utterance of the two groups? Will he consider the paintings of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney in relation to the talking of Johnson, Burke, and Topham Beauclerk? If he will do so, he will, I think, perceive not only that the painters paint alike and the talkers talk alike, but that the painters paint like the talkers talk. He will perceive that the two modes of utterance, the two styles, are of the same quality and character, and suit each other because arising out of the same mental bias. The predilection of both is for a firmly defined treatment of firmly defined themes. The strength of moderation is common to them. Both have an equal dislike for the extravagant, the whimsical, or the merely subtle. In accordance with these proclivities the technique of both is rich and solid and never relaxes its calm discipline and sober methods to admit the intrusion of individual eccentricities.

Apart from painters, there is such a thing in the eighteenth century as Painting, a mode of expression with its own laws and authority; and apart from talkers there is such a thing as Conversation, another mode of expression equally endowed with laws and an authority of its own. The weight of the Renaissance, the resolve of the Renaissance to turn art and language into instruments of the intellect, is behind both. Matthew Arnold, in a well-known essay, has pointed to the building up of an efficient prose style as the eighteenth-century contribution to literature. But eighteenth-century prose is distinguished for the very quality which most distinguished Renaissance art. The art of Florence, as Professor Bode points out, is essentially a plastic art. Sculpture is its natural tongue. It delights, as intellect always does, in definition. On this point all writers unite. It was "upon form, and form alone," declares Mr. Berenson, "that the great Florentine masters concentrated their efforts." Well, in dealing with the development of prose, Matthew Arnold selects three specimens for quotation, which in this present connection are worth repeating. The first belongs to Elizabeth's reign: "Though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades

to Aurora and Ganges few eyes can sound her, I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm that, the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our poet, he shall now gird his temples with the sun," which he pronounces intolerable. The second is from Milton: "And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he, who would not be frustrat of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poet," which he also condemns as obsolete and inconvenient, though not without grandeur. But the third, from Dryden: "What Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write," he declares to be "the true English prose," the kind of prose "we would all gladly use if we only knew how." The difference consists in the development of the sense of form. The first passage is entirely, the second partially, formless. Dryden's prose, finally, is a prose of clear articulation and definite statement, a prose perfectly fitted to be the instrument of an intellectualised civilisation. In a word, it is Renaissance prose.

But even more so, perhaps, was Pope's poetry. His couplets give the same pleasure which the handling of marbles gives. In Moorish bazaars the merchants sit by the hour passing polished beads through their fingers along a string. Reading Pope is a somewhat similar exercise. The satisfaction we derive from such a couplet as:

> Like Cato give his little Senate laws,
> And sit attentive to his own applause

is due half to its clear-cut exactitude. Pope at his deadliest is so perfect an artist, so intent on the form of his matter, that he himself seems ignorant of the venom he imparts. It is with such an unconscious air that the peasant hands to Cleopatra the basket with the asp curled under the leaves. The epigrammatic precision of Pope's verses has no existence in any modern language prior to the Renaissance. With him comes in the close-textured, polished phrase, hard and rounded as a pebble from the brook, which for a century was to be accepted as the acme of literary expressiveness. That such a style, a style so manifestly inadequate as an emotional medium, should have held its

own so long, even in the domain of poetry, in which emotion counts for so much, can only be explained by remembering that the main purpose of eighteenth-century literature in England was to adapt our language to the Renaissance point of view. The Renaissance having introduced an intellectual estimate of life, it became forthwith the object of every vehicle of expression, literary or artistic, to turn itself into a ready instrument for intellectual definition. Italy took art in hand: France took literature. By means of the study of perspective and foreshortening and assiduous practice in the science of accurate representation, art was turned in due time into such an instrument as was required. Similarly by simplifying its construction, pruning away its redundancies and obscurities and relating it as directly as possible to the subject under discussion, language was trained to the same uses. Both language and art became, under the treatment applied, means of utterance perfectly suited to definite statements, and capable of dealing with unexampled precision with matters of fact. With much deliberation England followed France. The necessary alterations and adaptations were carried out in this country in a manner which showed our remoteness from the sources of contemporary thought. They were the work of somewhat inferior minds and they resulted in a somewhat inferior product. What Congreve was to Molière, or Swift to Pascal, or Atterbury to Fénélon, or Mrs. Thrale to Madame de Sevigné, English prose came to be to French. We could boast, however, of one craftsman in whose work there was nothing provincial. The pride of the eighteenth century in Pope becomes intelligible when we recollect that, in the European task of intellectualising language, he was our one man of letters who attained the classic level.

Fitted, then, into its context in literary history, the conversation of the Johnsonian group may be realised as a not unimportant factor in one of the chief developments of the English language. In the process of adapting English speech to intellectual requirements, two men stand conspicuously above their contemporaries. As an inventor of concise phrases Pope is alone. It was Johnson's task to apply his teaching to life, to loosen men's tongues, and to show them the power and effect of intellectual definition

as a quality in daily speech. If Pope, more than any man, introduced the language of the Renaissance into our literature, Johnson more than any man introduced it to our firesides and supper-tables. In his own line his reputation equalled Pope's. But his fame as a talker, the avidity with which men thronged to listen to him, and the eagerness with which his phrases were handed about and written down in journals are scarcely to be explained by what at present appears excellent in his conversation, considerable as that may be. To account for so great a fame we must remember not only that the talk was excellent, but that it was new. It was a revelation of the capacity of language. Here was the vehicle needed to give expression to the thoughts of the age. Men thronged round Johnson to learn the new language with something of the same enthusiasm with which the Italians of the fifteenth century crowded round the first professor of Greek imported from the Bosphorus.

We have glanced at the rise of Renaissance conversation, let us turn to its close. Jane Austen was the last of the English novelists who made their characters talk with deliberate literary artifice. She is, too, the best answer to those who, because this process involves care and thought, conclude that it must result in pompousness and stiffness of diction. The danger that existed, the inducement to little fishes to talk like whales, was known to none better than to her. We have all rejoiced over Mr. Collins and his "if I were so fortunate as to be able to sing, I should have great pleasure, I am sure, in obliging the company with an air, for I consider music as a very innocent diversion, and perfectly compatible with the profession of a clergyman"; or over Mary's "the idea of the olive branch perhaps is not wholly new, yet I think it is well expressed." These are types which belonged to the conversational system in vogue. They were its failures, yet testify obliquely as it were to its ideals. They exist no longer in the life of to-day, for the method they parodied has passed away. We are none the poorer for their loss. But we have lost not only what there was of absurd in such a method, but also what made it expressive and telling. None knew better than Jane Austen the value it had in rendering the finer and more delicate shades of meaning, and it is no mere accident that she who excelled in the

drawing of subtle gradations of character should have been so evidently and devotedly attached to the literary tradition which was on the eve of departure. Among people whose judgment counts, Elizabeth Bennet is probably the favourite heroine in English history. No more delicate wit than hers has ever enlivened the pages of a novel, yet this bright and airy raillery is compatible with, or rather dependent upon, a most studious regard for the niceties of expression. For Elizabeth herself is a votary of the literary school. Her remarks, especially the most telling ones, are all framed on the Johnsonian model. I wish I had space to give her duel with Lady Catherine. It is a most instructive episode in the technique of conversation. The older lady, furiously angry, is impotent in her anger for lack of words; while the younger, also angry, but steadied by the knowledge of her own resources, trains her guns swiftly yet carefully and hulls her big enemy with every shot. However, a slighter instance may suffice. "Your cousin will give you a very pretty notion of me," she says to Colonel Fitzwilliam, whom she meets in Derbyshire, "and teach you not to believe a word I say. I am particularly unlucky in meeting with a person so well able to expose my real character in a part of the world where I had hoped to pass myself off with some degree of credit." That is Johnsonian prose, pure prose of the Renaissance. The literary phrasing is deliberate, but it adds point and is necessary to the humour of her remark. In the same manner is her answer to her sister's inquiry when she first began to fall in love with Darcy: "It has been coming on so gradually that I hardly know when it began; but I believe I must date it from my first seeing his beautiful grounds at Pemberly." This is what we have lost. How would the same idea be expressed in modern phraseology? "Oh, I don't know; as a matter of fact, I believe I was gone on his place first. You couldn't help liking a man with a place like that; it's simply too ripping for words." These are the kind of sentences that make up modern talk, and a humour like Elizabeth's simply cannot be held in them. It leaks through their clumsy joints. The structural form of conversation is, I have often thought, comparable to the masonry of architecture which sets off the sculptor's designs. The Arabs, who are creatures of impulse and great believers

in flourishes of all sorts, whether wrought with the tongue or chisel, commonly delight in encumbering their surfaces with a great deal of complicated ornament, which, however, is usually as ineffective as modern slang, being worked for the most part in bad stucco and sustained by masonry so insecure and rickety that it communicates something of its own feebleness to the ornament it supports. The Greeks, on the other hand, who were perfectly intellectual in all their ideas, relieved their enrichment against walls of masonry jointed with so much care that the least decorative touches shone out distinctly against the smooth background. In the same way with language, the more delicate the strokes of irony and wit, the greater the need for a firm and polished groundwork to set them off. We praise Elizabeth's wit and we praise Greek mouldings, but how comparatively seldom does it occur to us that their effect is really due to the well-knit, polished phrases and well-knit, polished masonry which supports and exhibits their delicacy!

To what extent we have discarded the tradition of form in conversation the modern novel can best tell us. There we have the talk of to-day as it is, a talk not cultivated, not recognised as an art at all, not considered as a source of intellectual pleasure. Shall we ask Mr. Galsworthy what its capacity as a vehicle of expression amounts to? We could not ask a better person, for besides being a close observer of human nature, Mr. Galsworthy is himself a man of so much intellectual distinction that he will scarcely be likely to err on the side of undue triviality. Let us take up *The Country House* and read over the first page of conversation which occurs:—

Lady Malden had remarked to Mrs. Winslow in the drawing-room before dinner:

"What is it about that Mrs. Bellow? *I* never liked her. A woman situated as she is ought to be more careful; I don't understand her being asked here at all, with her husband still at The Firs, only just over the way. Besides, she's very hard up. She doesn't even attempt to disguise it. I call her almost an adventuress."

Mrs. Winslow had answered:

"But she's some sort of cousin to Mrs. Pendyce. The Pendyces are related to everybody! It's so boring. One never knows——"

Lady Malden replied:

"Did you know her when she was living down here? I dislike these hard-riding women. She and her husband were perfectly reckless. One heard of nothing else but what she had jumped and how she had jumped

it; and she bets and goes racing. If George Pendyce is not in love with her, I'm very much mistaken. He's been seeing far too much of her in town. She's one of those women that men are always hanging about."

Consider the technique of that; the slovenly diction, the short, barking phrases, the unfixed and wandering attention. Our impression on turning from Miss Austen's heroines to these women is that we have come among an illiterate and uneducated set of people. But that is not so. Lady Malden and Mrs. Winslow are cultured women, and in the matter of talk are fair specimens of their class. The impression of coarseness we receive from their manner of speech is not due to personal characteristics, but belongs to the conversational methods of their generation. It is an inevitable consequence of ignoring the fact that the art of expression is worth cultivating.

Or, if exception be taken to the sample quoted on the plea that Elizabeth is a person of uncommon and singular intelligence, let us ask the reader to compare people like Darcy and Bingly in *Pride and Prejudice* with Mr. Paramor and Gregory Vigil in *The Country House*. A character like Darcy suffers a good deal from what was Miss Austen's chief weakness, her lack of ideas. He does not think as successfully as a person of his calibre ought to think. Mr. Paramor and Gregory, on the other hand, reaping the advantage of their author's brains, are both really clever and original men. The advantage in this case, therefore, is all on the side of the moderns. Nevertheless, I think no discerning reader will deny that Darcy, from the manner in which he expresses himself, strikes one as a more considerable personality, and even a man of greater ability, than either of the others; a difference which is due to the fact that, while he can express his meaning in precise and significant language, they can only make vague and partially ineffectual grabs at theirs. Gregory, in particular, clutching at his collar, and rumpling his hair, embarking on a sentence, hesitating, trying again, floundering and giving it up, is an admirable example of that commonest of figures in modern life, a clever man who has never learned to talk.

Neither in language or art, neither in the speech of the tongue nor the speech of the hands, have we yet attained to anything constructive, anything positive in the way of

the spiritual utterance we are supposed to be in search of. We are living to-day amid the *débris* of our language and our art as the Renaissance fashioned them. Our progress has been, so far, destructive only, and naturally it has been more thoroughly destructive in art than in language because of certain safeguards which apply to the latter but not to the former. Language is utilitarian before it is artistic. Even if we lose the habit of vigorous, delicate speech, we must shop and order our dinners somehow. While society holds, the necessities of life will forbid us gibbering at each other like monkeys. The talk of Lady Malden and Mrs. Winslow is about as near probably as we shall get to that. But the artist is not thus handicapped. He is under no restraints. He can gibber as much as he likes. The whole scientific structure of art down to its very roots is open to his attack. He can make hay of it all, and how he is availing himself of his opportunities those best know who have visited some of the recent exhibitions of modern pictures in London. The progressive decay of the Renaissance tradition has been well indicated of late. Post Impressionism showed the tradition in a state of collapse. Futurism shows it in a state of decomposition. If Signor Boccioni is further gone in this direction than Lady Malden, it is because Lady Malden is bound to be in some sort of way intelligible, whereas Signor Boccioni need not be. There is, in short, nothing quite like Futurism in conversation, and, except perhaps for the poem beginning: "'Twas brillig and the slithy toves," nothing like it in literature.

The spectacle of organic forms undergoing the processes of dissolution is apt to be disgusting, and it is no wonder, therefore, that the sight of Futurist canvases should have affected many people unpleasantly. That these *disjecta membra* should be all the leavings of so much symmetry and beauty! A few bits of landscape, a fragment of a train, a foot, a detached hand, a wandering eye, such are the gruesome vestiges into which the form and composition of the great age are dissolved. There are, indeed, critics to whom the very thoroughness of this dissolution is a sign of promise. The old vehicle, they argue, had to go. Its inadequacy was established. They have not very much sympathy to spare for it. Their curiosity and interest are mainly directed to future developments. A new artistic

code, they tell us, must be invented to utter modern life, and to each experimentalist they turn questioning eyes which seem to ask: "Are you the inventor we are expecting, or must we wait for another?" They favour not adaptation, but revolution. But in art there are revolutions of two kinds. There are real revolutions, profound, harmonious, and coherent as the flow of the tide, which arise out of national conviction and utter the thoughts of man, and which are the most significant in all the crises of art's history. And there are the sham revolutions, born in the studio in the slack times of art, and restricted in their sphere of action to the walls of a gallery and the art columns of half a dozen journals, and these are events of an entirely trivial and unimportant character. Art only matters, only means anything, when life is using it as a means of utterance. I sometimes think that modernist critics, if they dwelt more on this connection between life and art, would be less precipitate in endorsing these studio-revolutions than they often are.

The entire trend and development of thought in the West, I would remind the reader in conclusion, possesses one characteristic which is common to all its phases, and that is a humble acceptance of Nature as a base and foundation to work on. Primitive man finds in Nature food for his body. Rational man finds in Nature food for his intellect. Spiritual man finds in Nature food for his soul. Hence the enormous advantage which Western poets and painters and thinkers all possess, that in dealing with materialism they are dealing with something of intellectual and spiritual significance. This is not so in the East, where the reality and very existence of matter are denied, not without formidable consequences to Eastern science and literature and art. But it is so in the West. Our acceptance of Nature has borne this fruit. Nature says to our farmers, "Till my soil and I will bring forth crops for you." She says to the man of science, "Study my laws and I will gratify your desire for knowledge." She says to the poet, "Watch with me and wait upon me and I will impart to you secrets beyond mortality." But in each case the fundamental condition of accepting Nature is the same. It is even more stringent as the knowledge sought for is higher. The farmer, for the sake of his corporal needs, studies Nature with consider-

able, if limited, attention. The man of science, for the sake of his intellectual needs, studies Nature more exactly and carefully than the farmer. But the poet, for the sake of his spiritual needs, studies Nature more devotedly than either. There is no inclination as the scale ascends, to turn from Nature or slacken in the contemplation of her. On the contrary, the inclination is all the other way. It was the most spiritually minded of all our poets who wrote:

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

This, it seems to me, is the justification of the Renaissance. The knowledge which the Renaissance imparted to art was all derived from a patient and devout study of Nature, and it is because it is so derived that it brings art into line with the main Western theory which declares that the infinite is to be interpreted by the finite. Grant the theory and it will follow that an art which teaches us how to deal faithfully with the finite will by and by be justified for the sake of the infinite. This is that thought beyond their thought which was given to the great men of the Renaissance. All their knowledge and science, drawn from physical things, will be needed to express spiritual things. Yield up that science to invent a new spiritual utterance! Why, it is in that science that our one hope of attaining spiritual utterances lies. Every reformation or development in thought calls upon man to discard something, but to carry on something; and, although impatient people in the time of crisis are ready to discard the ideas of the past *en bloc*, for in that they think they exhibit their susceptibility to the ideas of the future, yet really the proof of intelligence is to be able to distinguish between what should be let go and what preserved. Let us discard by all means the notion, which the methods of the Renaissance have tended to propagate, that successful imitation is an end in itself, but let us beware how we sacrifice the slowly thought out science which made such imitation possible, and which has been the main contribution of Western intellect to the cause of art. Our way is the Western way—with Nature, not against her. We have need of all that is best in the Renaissance, and the keener insight and steadier thought will devote themselves at this juncture not to destroying, but to preserving.

The Yellow Ticket: Jiolte Bilet

By Frank Harris

THE scene is in Moscow, just where the wide Boulevard meets the Tverskaia. In the middle of the way is the statue to Puschkin; on the right hand, walling the street, the great monastery to the Passion of Christ. This is the favourite promenade of the gay-plumaged night-birds of Moscow. They walk up and down the street in the glare of the shops, and then cross and go down the Boulevard, like shadows drifting from darkness into the light, and again from the light into darkness.

One night in the early winter of 1912 a young girl was among them, warmly but quietly dressed, almost like a provincial; but she scanned the passers-by as the night-birds scan them, and walked slowly as they walk, though it was no time for loitering. The winter had set in early, and already in November the air was keen with frost, and the stars glittered like diamonds.

A young man came hurrying by, but as he passed he caught sight of the girl's profile and eyes as she lingered before a shop window. He stopped at once and went over to her:

"Are you waiting for anyone?" he asked.

The girl replied quite quietly:

"No one in particular."

"Will I do?" he asked gaily.

She threw a quick glance at him and nodded.

His manner changed with her acceptance. For a moment he put out his hand as if to take her by the arm, and then drew back:

"I'm so sorry, but I have to dine to-night with some relatives; I'm late already," he hurried out, "but I must meet you; I never saw anyone so pretty. I can't stay to-night; I must go now; I can't get out of it. You'll meet me to-morrow night, won't you?"

The girl shook her head.

"But why not?" he exclaimed. "It's absurd. I want you; you have taken my fancy, and I want to know all

about you. Do promise me you will go home now and be here to-morrow at the same time."

The girl shook her head again: "I can't promise."

"But why not?" he insisted. "It's absurd. Suppose I pay you for the evening?"

He threw open his fur coat and took out some notes.

"No, no!" cried the girl, shrinking away; "I don't want money."

"Don't want money?" he said. "Don't be silly. What else are you here for? Now look," he went on imperiously, "here are ten roubles. Now go home, and I'll meet you here to-morrow night at half-past seven exactly. Will you promise?"

She shook her head; but he seized her hand and shut the note in the palm.

"I must go," he cried hurriedly; "but I'm sure you'll be here to-morrow; you're too young to cheat." And he hurried away.

The girl didn't turn to look after him, but stood for a moment undecided, then took out a little purse and pushed in the banknote and resumed her indecisive walk, now glancing at the passers-by, now with conscious coquetry stopping in the full glare of some shop window, loitering.

A little while later another man accosted her.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

She looked up as the strong voice reached her.

"Nothing."

"And your name?" he went on, drawing her nearer still to the glaring light in the window.

"Rebecca," she said, looking up at him.

"A Jewess!" he cried. "I might have known it with that colouring and those great eyes. But you don't look Jewish, you know, with that little straight nose; and you are new at this game, aren't you?"

The girl's eyes met his for a moment.

"Yes," she replied.

"Will you come and dine?" he asked.

The girl nodded.

"Are you free for the night?"

Again she nodded.

"Come on, then," he said; "we'll go and have some dinner and a talk."

The next moment he had stopped a droschky that was

swinging by behind a black Orloff, and had helped the girl to a seat.

"To the Hermitage," he said, and the little car whirled away down the street.

The Hermitage in Moscow is a very convenient establishment. It has over two hundred suites of rooms, from five roubles for the night to fifty; from one room with a bed in it and the ordinary exiguous toilet requirements to a suite of sitting room, bedroom, and a bathroom so large that a couple may swim about in it. It has sixteen entrances, too, so there is small chance of meeting anyone you don't want to meet.

The man, evidently a well-to-do merchant, selected a good number, and as they followed the waiter into the corridor a little bell tinkled, and the bell continued to tinkle till they got into the sitting room and shut out its ringing.

"What's that bell for?" asked the girl.

"Oh, that is one of the customs of the place," said the man, taking off his gloves and laughing to the waiter; "isn't it, Ivan? The bell rings just to warn people not to leave their rooms till the newcomers are installed, otherwise one might meet inconvenient people in the passages. Everything is well arranged in the Hermitage, that one can say for it."

The girl nodded her head, smiling, and stood expectant in the middle of the room. Hurriedly, but as one accustomed to it, the man ordered a good dinner, and as the waiter left the room he turned with astonishment to the girl:

"What!" he cried, "you haven't taken off your hat and coat yet?" and he came towards her as if to help her.

At once she hurried over to the nearest glass, put up her hands, and took off her little fur cap and began arranging her hair; then slowly loosened her coat, folded the heavy garment carefully, and laid it on a chair.

The man went on talking the while:

"Lucky it was I met you; didn't know what to do with my evening. A man I expected to see failed me and I was at a loose end, when I caught sight of your pretty face. But what age are you, Rebecca? You look very young," he added, as if remarking her extreme youth for the first time.

"Sixteen," she said.

"Really!" he cried. "I should have thought nineteen; but then you mature more quickly than Russians, don't you?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose so."

They were interrupted by the waiter who brought in dinner, and for the first course or two little was said. As usual, they had the meat first and then the fish, Russian fashion. When they had finished the fish, the man's appetite being quieted a little, he found time to notice that the girl had hardly touched the food.

"Come, come," he cried, "you must eat."

"I can't," she said; "I don't feel hungry."

"That is no reason: you must eat," he insisted. "We live by eating; and you must drink too," and he poured her out another glass of sweet champagne. "You like champagne, don't you?" he asked.

"It tastes funny," she said. "At first it went up in my nose. I never saw it before."

"Really!" he exclaimed, "then you must be new at the game. How long have you been in Moscow?"

The girl seemed to hesitate: looked at him and looked down.

"You needn't tell me if you don't want to," he said.

The waiter interrupted them again.

In a few minutes more the meal was finished. The man lit a cigarette. The waiter left the room for the last time, the pair were alone.

"Come, Rebecca," said the man. "Come and give me a kiss."

The girl came round the table and stood beside him. He put his arm round her and drew her down to his knee. She seemed awkward, hesitant.

"Where is the kiss?" he asked, smiling.

The girl turned to him and kissed his cheek.

"Good God!" he cried, "you don't call that a kiss, do you? What is the matter with you?" and he put his cigarette-holder down on the table, and, winding both arms round her, drew her to him and held his lips to hers.

She yielded stiffly, reluctantly. After kissing her for some little time the man pushed her away.

"Do you call that kissing? Why, you can't kiss at all. What's the matter with you? Give me a proper kiss."

Again the girl pecked at his cheek.

"Look here," he said, "if I displease you, tell me; but don't go on like this: it's silly."

He rose, looking at her crossly, his vanity smarting.

The girl noticed for the first time when he drew himself up that he was fine looking, above middle height, and powerful: a man in the prime of life, thirty perhaps, with strong face, clean-shaven but for the small fair moustache.

"You dislike me?" he went on, putting his hands on her shoulders, "tell me?"

"No," she replied.

"Then why don't you kiss me?"

"I have kissed you."

"But you know that that isn't kissing," he said.

"Are there many ways of kissing?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Of course," he said. "This is the right way," and, taking her head in his hands, he crushed his lips on hers. "Now give me a good kiss, as if you liked me."

With glowing face, the girl gave him another peck.

"What do you mean?" he said, sitting down. "Come, tell me. I must know. Is it pretence with you, or dislike?"

The girl shook her head.

Suddenly her troubled, hot face gave him a new idea: "You're not a novice: are you? How long have you been in Moscow? Where do you live? Come, tell me." And he drew her to his knee again.

As the girl sat down she put her right elbow on the table behind her to keep herself upright and, as luck would have it, snapped the amber and meerschaum cigarette-holder. As she started up the man picked up the cigarette-holder, smiling.

"I don't mind," he said, "it doesn't matter. I will put the cigarette further away on a plate."

"I am so sorry," cried the girl.

"It's nothing," said the man. "But tell me when did you come to Moscow?"

The girl stood before him with her hands clasped in front of her, for all the world like a schoolgirl; indeed, she was hardly more. She had evidently made up her mind to speak.

"This afternoon," she said.

"What! for the first time?" he asked.

"For the first time," she repeated.

"Where do you live?"

"Here," she said.

"Here?" he repeated, "what do you mean?"

"It's a long story," she said, unclasping her hands and quickly clasping them again.

"Tell me it," he said. "We have time, and I should like to hear it all," and he drew her towards him.

And standing there by his left knee she told him the story.

"I came from Gorod by train. It is a long story."

Encouraged by his "Go on," she began again.

"I wanted to study at the University. Only three Jewesses are allowed to come from Gorod to Moscow. The three who won had been studying for years and years; the youngest of them was over thirty. Only three are allowed each year to leave the town, and there are thousands of Jewesses in Gorod. I was fourth, so I would have had to wait another year or perhaps longer. But as my mother was a widow I soon coaxed her, and she gave me the money and let me come to Moscow to study."

"Why do you want to study?" he asked; "what's the good of books? They only tire pretty eyes."

The girl stared at him in wonder; the question was so unexpected, she had to think to find an answer; she began confusedly, eagerly:

"I want to know heaps of things, I'm so ignorant," she burst out. "I want to be like the great women who have done things in the world. Oh, I can't say what I want to; but I—you know, to be ignorant to-day is stupid, oh, I——"

He nodded, hardly interested, wishing to get the story.

"And so you came to Moscow?"

"This afternoon," she said; "it was already getting dark. I went to an hotel, but at the hotel—I had taken a room and everything—before they sent for my box to the station they asked me for my passport, and when I told them I hadn't a passport, they changed their manner at once, said they had no room for me, I had better go. . . .

"I went to a cheaper hotel and showed them that I had money; but again, as soon as they found I had no passport, they turned me out into the streets. . . . I did not know

what to do. I spoke to a lady, and she answered rudely, treated me as if I were a beggar. So at last I spoke to one of those women who walk up and down. She was kind to me; she told me that I could not get a lodging anywhere in Moscow without a passport, and even when she found out I was a Jewess she was kind, told me I was in a bad way, said I should not be able to get a passport, because the police don't like Jewesses. The only thing for me to do, she said, was to get a Yellow Ticket of the—you know—the Yellow Ticket of the prostitute!"

The man whistled—"Whew!"—a long, low note.

"She said, as it was early, she would go with me to the police bureau, and on the way she told me that it was quite easy to get a Yellow Ticket. I had only to go in boldly and ask for one and pay fifteen roubles, and come away. If I had money and wanted to study, I did not need to—do anything, but with the Yellow Ticket there were hundreds of houses where I could get a lodging; otherwise they'd let me freeze on the street. . . ."

The girl paused and looked at him.

"A prostitute is welcome, but not a Jewess, in Moscow —Christian Moscow," she added as if to herself.

The man laughed and put his arms round her.

"You are delightful," he said, laughing. "Well, what happened then?"

"I went into the station," the girl went on, "and asked one of the policemen where I was to get a 'Yellow Ticket,' and he tried to kiss me and took me into the Inspector's room, and the Inspector came and began questioning me. When I told him I had just come to Moscow he tried to kiss me, and I wouldn't let him, so he said he wouldn't give me a Yellow Ticket, unless I let him kiss me; well, I let him; but then he wanted . . .

"At last I ran out of the place without the Ticket, and found that my friend had gone off, and after a little while I found another woman, again a woman of the streets, and told her what had happened. She told me that the only thing she could think of was for me to get a man and go home with him, and then get him to come with me in the morning to the police bureau, and a Yellow Ticket would be given to me at once. 'If you can pay,' she said, 'you can get anything in Moscow.'

"The Yellow Ticket," she added gravely, "is a sort of prize!"

"I daresay we can manage the Yellow Ticket," said the man carelessly. "But are you really a novice?"

The girl nodded.

"You would rather not begin the game?"

She nodded quickly, eagerly.

"What an adventure!" he cried, stretching out his arms. "Do you know, it is rather lucky you have fallen into good hands, Rebecca? You interest me. Strangely enough, I don't want to kiss anyone particularly who doesn't want to kiss me. That is strange, isn't it?" he asked, laughing.

"No," she said, "it seems to me quite natural."

"That is because you are a girl," he replied, smiling. "It isn't natural to most men. Come, now, do you want to go in there and sleep alone? What would you like me to do? Let you sleep alone and then help you to get the Yellow Ticket in the morning, or go in there with you?" and he nodded to the bedroom.

"Alone," she cried. "Do you mind? But then, where are you to sleep?" she added ruefully.

"Oh, I can sleep there," he said, pointing to the sofa; "I have often slept in worse places. I will read some papers I have got in my overcoat, and you can go in and go to bed." He spoke as if dismissing her, and the girl went hesitatingly towards the bedroom door. At the door she turned and looked at him. He nodded, smiling, and waved his hand to her.

"That's all right," he said, "have a good sleep."

"I'd like," she said, coming back a little way towards him, "I'd like to kiss you."

"Come along," he said, and she came back to him slowly across the room, and this time she yielded herself to him and left her lips on his. He lifted her away at last, and said:

"Now?" half interrogatively.

The girl cried quickly:

"Good-night; thank you so much; good-night," and, running across the room, disappeared into the bedroom and closed the door.

For a moment or two the man looked at the door, smiling; then he got up and went to his overcoat, took out

some papers, lit another cigarette, and settled down to read in the armchair.

An hour later there was unbroken silence in the room. The man got up, stretched himself, took off his collar and coat, undid his boots, put on his big fur overcoat, then went to the door of the bedroom and listened: all was still. . . .

After a pause he turned away and threw himself down on the sofa. In ten minutes he was asleep.

* * * * * * *

Shortly before eight o'clock the man woke, got up and opened the windows, rang the bell and ordered breakfast, went into the bathroom and bathed his face and hands, came back, and while the waiter was laying the table, went out hurriedly. In an hour he returned and went over and knocked at the girl's door. A moment later he heard her voice, and went in. She was standing fully dressed before him.

"Slept well?" he asked.

"Thanks to you!" she nodded, and the deep eyes dwelt on him.

"Been up long?" he asked.

"Two hours," she replied.

"Oh, you early bird! Now come and have breakfast, I have news for you."

"And I have news for you too," she said. "This is a funny place."

"Why do you call it funny?" he said, taking up some salt fish on his fork.

"Because I came in while you were asleep," she said, "and tried to go out. I wanted to buy you a cigarette-holder for the one I broke, but when I got to the entrance I was stopped. They told me I couldn't go out without you. It appears I might have robbed you, or murdered you, so I was escorted back here and told to wait. It is a funny place, the Hermitage."

"Do you know, you are a dear," he said, "to have thought of that," and he stretched out his hand to her. She came now willingly and stooped her dark head to his fair one and kissed him.

"That's better!" he cried. "You are making great progress. Fancy! You have learned to kiss quite nicely in twenty-four hours; that is very quick."

"Very easy," she said saucily, "when the heart teaches the lips."

"So you do like me a little?" he asked.

Again the eyes dwelt on him.

"Yes," she replied simply.

As if trying to shake off an unwonted emotion, he got up and said in his ordinary quick tone:

"I have been out trying to do something for you," and he took out his pocket-book and laid it on the table.

She noticed that his nails were more carefully kept than her own; she liked the evidence of care.

"You interested me last night," he said, "and I wanted really to do something for you, and persuade you to like me, I don't know why."

"That was good of you," she said, coming over and standing beside him; "but I do like you, you know."

"I thought perhaps you might," he said, putting his arm round her, "but, curiously enough, I wanted you to be free, quite free; so I went out and got you baptised, you little Jewess," and he turned up the pretty, glowing face with his hand and kissed her on the lips.

He went on speaking with mock gravity.

"Your name now is Vera Novikoff, and not Rebecca Rubinovitch."

"Vera Novikoff?" the girl marvelled.

"Yes," he said, taking a paper out of his pocket-book. "Everything can be bought in Moscow, and I went out to buy a passport for you, and I bought a passport this morning in the name of Vera Novikoff, and as Vera Novikoff you can live in Moscow wherever you please, how you please, unmolested."

"How good of you!" she cried. "I knew you were good. But it must have cost you a lot of money?"

"No," he said, smiling into her eyes. "No, strange to say, Vera, it was cheaper than the Yellow Ticket. You said the Yellow Ticket was fifteen roubles; I paid twelve for this. It is cheaper, you see," and he held it towards her.

The girl took it in her hands, and said simply, slowly, as if to herself:

"Cheaper! Yes; it costs less than the Yellow Ticket. . . ."

The Creation of Taste

By Holbrook Jackson

THROUGHOUT the whole of life, long before the days of human consciousness, there have been two distinct tendencies of evolution; one social and the other solitary. You see them working among the animals in countless different ways. The survival of species has not, as is popularly supposed, been dependent only upon the struggle of individual against individual, but also in the combined effort of groups of animals to support and establish a common desire for a certain kind of life. Community of purpose rather than individuality of aim is the supreme preserver of life. Kropotkin has, indeed, shown us that although mutual aid is as much a law of animal life as mutual struggle, the former has been a greater factor in evolution because it favoured the development of conditions which maintained the greatest amount of welfare and enjoyment with the least waste of power.

This principle, obvious to the student of animals, ought to be more obvious to students of humanity. The races which have survived longest are those which have succeeded in maintaining the greatest degree of communal action with the least wastage of personal variety. No tribe, nation or race has ever risked complete individualism. Experience rather than theory has taught men that such a course must mean annihilation. And it is significant in even a superficially individualistic nation like our own, that we have always feared those nations and religions in which there existed, or in which we have imagined there existed, a tyranny over the communal will. We have national examples of this in nineteenth-century fear of Russia and twentieth-century fear of Germany, and, on the religious side, in international fear of Rome. Absolute community of action has, of course, never been realised, and it is not necessary that it should be realised; nevertheless the communal idea has

governed the most effective actions of men both consciously and unconsciously throughout the ages. Under its influence families have become tribes and tribes have become nations. Such changes have not come about without conflict, for contest in one form or another is the essence of life. Conflict is the principle of the tragedy of the soul of men, no less than of the various incidents in man's conquest of material things. And when a finer spirit of community than the world has yet known comes into existence, contest between varying forces and desires will still be necessary if only as a social tonic.

The effect of the communal instinct can be seen in all great human achievements; few things of real importance have been done by an individual merely for himself. All the finest architecture, pictures, poems, music, have been the outcome of social as distinct from individual desire. This is not only true of art, it is also true of science and religion.

Every great man is a saviour, and the things that have been produced for humanity have deteriorated only when they have been absorbed by private and individual purpose.

But of all the things which reveal the communal instinct art is the most important. In the artistic faculty we see social desire expressing itself through the medium of personality, and unique and individual as its creations must ever be, art aims in the first place at satisfying the emotional need of expression. The desire to express emotion is at once an individual and a social impulse; it is the desire to weld the separate with the cognate, the individual with the mass. The best societies are so arranged that the sum of their greatness is the expression of the communal spirit through the freedom of individuals: art thus plays its part by acting as the instrument of expression between one and the other and it is at its best form a stimulus to a livelier, brighter, fuller and more vivid existence.

The meaning of art has never been stated so clearly and so inevitably as to receive anything like general acceptance. Both artists and critics, as well as the public, hold different views as to what they create, criticise, or appreciate. And I am not sure that the public attitude towards art, vague and incoherent as it is very often, is not nearer the truth than that of either artist or critic. Art in itself, social

though it is at its best, is always the most individual thing known to man, and that probably is why there are so many opinions as to its real meaning. But the individuality of art ought not to be a final obstacle to our understanding its nature, for though individual in impulse, it is not individual in effect. No one can say precisely where the artist's need for individual expression ends, and his desire for what is equally obvious, the merging of his personality in the mass of human life, begins. Both of these aims are conditions of artistic production. The artist creates in the first instance out of an inner and mysterious need for expression, but this expression cannot be separated with fairness from an equally sensitive need for the reception of his work by others. The artist also, in spite of the fact that he is willing to talk about art and not above advocating a theory, is really independent of artistic theories. The only thing upon which he is dependent beside the need of expression is appreciation; the sane artist must have a public, even though that public be limited to one person.

Theories as to the meaning of art, therefore, mean very little to him; and in proof of this statement I may point to the fact that although we have never been able to produce, not only a generally acceptable theory of art, but an incontrovertible definition, the thing we call art still goes on. The artist still fashions images, still seeks out many inventions for the conveyance of his feelings and ideas, still pours forth his mysterious and delightful symbols in tones, in pigments, in clay, in stone, and in words. Heedless of learned appraisals, ignoring formula and category, laughing canon, standard, and even tradition, to scorn, he goes his irresistible way, following a path not always free from tragedy, doing his magical work after his own manner as one who persists in a whim. Generally speaking, we are all agreed that what he is doing is art, but the precise nature of the thing he does is a secret. When we have answered the questions—What is truth? What is beauty? we shall probably be able to answer the question—What is art? and we shall have to risk discovering that the beauty and the truth of art vary with the individual and with the age. At present we can say no more than that. But if we lack a convincing definition of art, we are not short of examples of art work; if we cannot

define art, we can say the Parthenon and York Minster are equally works of art with the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, the plaques of Della Robbia, the sculptures of Auguste Rodin, the pictures of Degas, Constable, and Matisse, the music of Bach and Wagner and Richard Strauss, the poems of Milton and Verlaine, and the plays of Shakespeare and Ibsen and Synge. The idea of the existence of an absolute art may therefore be left in repose with the ideas of an absolute beauty and an absolute truth. Art is a need like food: but press the question further and it becomes a sphinx smiling serenely upon the desert of intellect, as though amused at the immemorial procession of guesses at a secret which does not matter.

But if we do not know what art is beyond the fact that it is art, we may reasonably hope to find out what art means or ought to mean. Most people have an idea that art should mean something and that that something should be useful. It does not occur to them that the mere giving of delight is a useful service, and they are amused when an Oscar Wilde tells them that all art is useless. This insistence upon utility is thrust upon us as a part of the idea of thrift which is inevitable in a society that forces three-quarters of its population to live under conditions of pecuniary stress and the remainder in grotesque luxury. Art, none the less, is useful in the ordinary acceptation of that term, and it is only in a bewildered society like our own that its utility could be questioned. The weakness of the modern attitude towards art lies in the fact that we do not recognise its utility. Art is treated as a light and trivial thing, the affair of leisure moments, a mere bauble and a pastime. And the regrettable thing is that so many artists have accepted this futile view. Some, to be sure, have striven against the degradation of their work, but their success has been infinitesimal. They have found themselves oppressed by a force which has in the end been too much for them. The charge against the artist is that he has permitted himself to be driven from the broad paths of life into those narrow grooves where he may receive the appreciation and rewards of only cultured and refined people. The best art of to-day has, therefore, become exotic, foreign to the average taste; because it has bowed the knee to the approval of those who do not live the

common life. Modern art is an intensive culture, maintaining its integrity at the cost of breadth, at the cost of divorce from the life of the nation.

When artists have been strong enough to keep in touch with the great artistic tradition, which is the great social tradition, they look uncouth and somewhat out of place. There is no home for their work in our social scheme. Rodin's statues stand cold and remote on pedestals instead of being woven into the fabric of a resplendent architecture; Wagner's operas are sung voluptuously in fashionable theatres by over-specialised and over-paid *artistes* instead of in the theatres of a people who themselves are a part of the very performance; Frank Brangwyn's paintings are too often imprisoned in frames and hung in private mansions instead of shining joyously from the walls of our public buildings; and the noble craftsmanship of William Morris, expressing itself in tapestry and stained glass, in superb printing and design, becomes the passing fad of Mayfair rather than the practical expression of a revival of national taste. Great art receives so little encouragement that only the most vigorous artistic personalities survive; the rest die, or renounce art, or worse still, sell themselves to the system and become its pandars and entertainers. That really is what is the matter with contemporary art, that is why it is useless. It is useless as an instrument of healthy life, because it is useful to a society that has its heel on the neck of life. "Art is upon the town," said Whistler in his tragi-flippant manner, and he was right. Art has actually gone the way of all flesh in the modern world and become an affair of commerce. The artist has become a professional.

But even though art has fallen, the art work of the day is only relatively useless; it is certainly useless to the nation as a whole, but it does actually serve a purpose by satisfying a definite though limited need. The artist has become an exquisite, gratifying the ultra-refined tastes of a small class. And I refer here, not only to the indifferent artist, but to the artist who is actually accepted and upheld by the cultured critic.

Art is a potent thing; it arrests by the very nature of its existence, even when its effect is not only limited, but base. That is why ordinary people are right when they look to

it for a lesson, a message, when they challenge its utility. They are wrong only in confounding the utility of art with the teaching of moral precepts, but they are only partially wrong even there, for no moral precept or any other idea can make an appeal to the emotions without art, unless it be practical example, and practical example is rarely so effective as the symbol of practical example which the artist has made. The mistake arises out of a confusion of thought following the degradation of art. When art was free to work out its own destiny, without question as to its meaning or aim, it convinced by its presence. There was no art-talk, for instance, in the thirteenth century, when art was linked up with craft and religion and the common life of the people. But the very fact that art possesses this tremendous power of convincing by its presence, makes it also a dangerous thing, because it carries on a subtle propaganda for or against everything it touches.

Art is like a magic crystal, revealing to us, not nature as that word is popularly understood, but nature in the acute language of dreams. It sharpens the outline, defines the form, intensifies the colour, and so aids us in the interpretation of the mystery of life. The total effect of this artistic power is as the glamorous effect of sunrays suddenly striking a dark hillside, and revealing to the astonished eye of the beholder some many-towered Camelot that before was invisible. Art makes us see, hear, feel, think better than before. And in that lies its strength and its danger. For that reason it has always been a thing of suspicion to the Puritan and a thing of delight to the Pagan. And both Pagan and Puritan are right in their attitudes.

Those who demand, then, that art should affect conduct are not, after all, so far wrong. If art can affect the senses, the emotions, and the imagination in this way, it can affect character for good or ill. Only the upholders of the narrow and limited view of art, the minor artists and their supporters, desire to limit art entirely to the self-expression of a special and often rather feverish type of being; the nervous, over-strung and egotistical type, that we call artist to-day. Art is too great a thing to be left under the control and in the hands of such people. At its fullest and best, art is creation.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the artist by the very nature of his being evolves images that are peculiar to himself, images that spring into life out of his sensitiveness before the wonder and mystery of the world. The nature of the artist is, therefore, not only keener than that of the ordinary mortal, it is also more personal; it not only sees beyond the bounds of ordinary human vision, it expresses that vision in a way so individual that those who perceive it realise more clearly their own attitude towards life. But even then the value of art does not end there; if it did, the custom of treating art as a bauble and a toy would be excusable, for art would be a very remote thing. Fortunately, however, the eyes of all men are not set in the ends of the earth. It is the desire of those who are sane to look back occasionally from the remote places, to turn their glances, full of a new wonder, upon common and familiar things. Art should help us to see familiar things with the insight of imagination; art should be full of rich promises if it is to be of great use to humanity, it should whisper to us that Utopia is round the next corner.

The relationship between art and life is not unlike the relationship between anticipation and event. The artist is always a prophet. In certain periods he was recognised as a prophet, or if not actually recognised, his prophetic qualities were granted without argument; and in certain specially wise periods he was definitely associated with the prophetic and spiritual side of human activity, with religion. Nowadays religion and art are not associated. Even our ecclesiastical buildings are constructed on the same commercial principle as those sorriest examples of merchandise, our jerry-built villas. Indeed, so far has art strayed from religion that domestic architecture at its best is a nobler thing to-day than ecclesiastical architecture at its best. True, we have also degraded the architecture of our houses in every possible way, but we have not yet stooped so low as to build them of corrugated iron.

When art was associated with religion, the churches were a living force, people believed in a God in those days as passionately as they believe in money to-day, and they had no idea that art as art was a thing to be bought and

sold. You could buy labour much as you can buy labour to-day, but the labourer had something more than a monetary interest in the thing he created, and the result was, art. Art was a kind of worship, and with good reason, for the gods created art and art returned the compliment by creating the gods. In the great days of Greece and Rome it was the poets who held the passes of Olympus. The images of Apollo and Dionysos, of Juno and Venus, were the children of the bards. Just as the old Hebrew prophets, who were the old Hebrew poets, manifested the idea of Jehovah, and their successors, the personality of Jesus. The Bible is our greatest piece of literary art, and in its pages you can see how the idea of God has varied in the hands of the artificers. These variations, which, by the way, have been a constant menace to theology, give us an insight into the being and power of art.

But a proper study of the ancient poets and prophets helps us to realise also the true relationship between the artist and society. It shows us that although the artist has keener perceptions than the average man, he is not the separate and unique person that connoisseurs and artistic people would have us believe. It shows us that the artist is more dependent upon the average man than the average man is dependent upon him. The artist shows us more than we see and tells us more than we think, but only in a special sense. For just as in economics profit is created by the whole community and not by a single person, so the vision of the artist is created out of the composite vision of a whole nation. An artist may, for instance, be English or French, but he could never make himself English or French, he is English or French because he comes of an English or French nation, and for the same reason he is an artist because his race has evolved in him an artistic consciousness; but unless that consciousnes had been inherent in his people, he could not have been an artist. The artist is thus the vision of the whole nation expressed in its most sensitive and impressionable terms. And in his heart the artist desires to throw back, as it were, to the type from which he has sprung. His desire for appreciation is a desire for acceptance; he wants us to see as he sees, to feel as he feels, to dream as he dreams, because that is the only

way he can return from his unique and remote position to the social life. In the act of appreciating a work of art, if we are really true to our spontaneous thoughts, which are the only thoughts worth our allegiance, we feel that we are in the presence of something we have known before but could not realise. Even when the artist has invented gods, whim and idiosyncrasy have been but further instruments of his art. The actual creation is a response to the call of the society of which he is a member. A popular artist like Charles Dickens creates a Pickwick or a Micawber, and immediately we see the realisation of types which have existed, but which we have only half realised before they received the touch of the magic wand of the literary artist.

It may be conceded, therefore, that art is a very much more intimate thing than some people imagine. It is related not to a part but to the whole of our emotional life, and as emotion is the expressive and ruling force, it follows that a degraded art, an art that is separated from the main current of human activity, is likely to react seriously upon society. The present peculiar moment of human evolution, or the lack of it, is very bewildering. We know not whither we go, and although there is perhaps more talk about the aims and objects of humanity at the present time than ever there was, few of us have made up our minds whither we want to go. All we know is that society is in so turbulent a state that we live always on the edge of a general fracas. Something has happened to the social consciousness, but what precisely it is may be left to the sociologist. But we do know that, in spite of the insecurity of life in the past, there certainly was more stability of spirit in certain bygone ages than there is now. And in the best of those ages the stability seems to have sprung from the working together of hand and soul. The artist, for instance, from the eleventh to the early thirteenth century, was not to be differentiated from the average man. In fact, the average man, or precisely the average worker, was the artist. His interest in his useful craft was akin to the interest taken to-day in the crafts of picture painting or poetry. Limited as he was in freedom, there was a margin to his thraldom in which he could take a livelier interest in the things he

made than any workman is permitted to take to-day. It mattered not whether he worked at the production of common household utensils and domestic fabrics, at the building of a cottage or a cathedral, at the carving of stone or the engraving and embossing of precious metals, or whether he worked in the dim scriptorium of a monastery emblazoning the pages of holy books with strange and wondrous devices. The things he made gave him joy, and he desired to perpetuate that joy in his work, and above all the consciousness that he was making art, even if he had it, did not separate him in class or idea from his fellows.

In this desire to perpetuate good works, the Middle Ages are furthest removed from our own time. The modern workman takes neither joy in his work nor does he care whether that work endure beyond the day. He is blamed for this indifference by cultured and comfortable people. I praise him for it. The man who likes work under present conditions is either a slave or a mercenary, or both. It is actually a sign of health that the worker of to-day goes to his work grudgingly and indifferently; it shows that he is not quite dead to decency. And there is also some hope for a society that has resisted every attempt of self-interest to glorify the dull toil of to-day. Even artists who have been bribed and intimidated to cast a glamour over modern drudgery have not responded: the commercial era still remains uncrowned by art. Emperors and kings, priests and merchant adventurers in past ages, men who have had their share of human weakness, have received beatification in varying measures, at the hands of art; but the modern plutocrat has never been beatified. Certain artists have made the attempt for money, but they have failed ignominiously. Go to any Royal Academy Exhibition and contemplate the pillars of our Society, and you are forced to admit that despite the courageous attempts of highly paid portrait painters, there is rarely to be seen a portrait possessing either beauty or reality, and when it possesses artistic excellence, that excellence has been used as a sinister criticism of the sitter. Consciously or unconsciously, the skilled artist, who has vision and imagination, condemns his plutocratic clients in his portraits of them. Such condemnations are not the mere opinions of the artist, they are the

half-admitted, but deep-rooted opinions of society. For just as society imagined the gods which art brought to life, so society has its own view of the present age, and if that view were expressed with sincerity, it would be found to be one of contempt. When the artist of the renaissance painted the portrait of a pope, the result was always a work of art, revealing a man and not a phantom; and when Velasquez painted a king, the result was much the same. Even to-day a painter sometimes gets reality into the portrait of a nobleman, just as he could get reality and character and soul into the portrait of a navvy, because the nobleman and the working man have at least two things in common: both look upon modern methods of working for a living as degrading, and both in their inmost hearts loathe the plutocrat. The only place in which the latter receives anything approaching glorification is in the popular Press; and the popular Press is, significantly, his own property.

When we remember the disintegrating qualities of private wealth, and the power of the plutocrat to split society into a number of warring factions, we need not wonder that art itself has become separated from the main current of social affairs. Our commercial era has striven mightily to use the artist as a decoy. It has achieved many things in the way of degradation, but it has not achieved that. Art has been almost strangled in the process, but to its own glory let it be said, it has not left a picture, a song, a statue or a drama which casts the least bit of glamour over our financially-minded age. Whenever art has worked freely, it has created some enduring thing, the conception of a god, the vision of Utopia; it has woven the spirit of man into the sunset sky, it has given passion the medium of song. When art deals with healthy things like love and fighting, it sanctifies them, but no artist, no matter how great, has yet succeeded in sanctifying the unsocial ideals of to-day. On the contrary, all great modern art is a protest against such ideals.

Had it been possible for art to glorify what is unsocial we should have been wise in abandoning it as a useless thing. But in the circumstances, we have little call for self-complacency; for each one of us is responsible for the condition of art at the present moment. The artist is as

much dependent upon us as we are upon him, and the faults of art are, therefore, our faults. The chief of these is not that we have ceased to appreciate art, it is that we have ceased to be affected by art.

There is no dearth of appreciators of art; and in a way their appreciation is due to an underlying sense of the utility of art. But as soon as art shows any signs of affecting our attitude towards life, we promptly turn the other way. We have even had æsthetic movements; but their grain of wisdom has generally been swamped by an avalanche of folly, and they have left behind them nothing save a pious toleration for some vague thing which is called "artistic." Being "artistic" yesterday was the substitute for what, the day before, was understood by being "respectable." And just as in the older fashion of respectability we had the ritual of the silk hat and black broadcloth, church going, family bibles in the parlour windows, and antimacassars on chairs long after the magenta rep upholstery was in any danger of being damaged by oiled and pomaded hair, so the fashion of being "artistic" had also its ritual. We had (and to some extent have) *art* colours, *art* muslin, and *art* picture frames, to take the place of antimacassars. Young ladies who at one time amused themselves by painting on china, became "artistic" by means of poker work and wood-carving. There were negligé "artistic" blouses for women and negligé "artistic" ties for men. But even worse followed. Children who at one time were given what was called a sound commercial education at the National Schools are now given headaches as well, by being trooped through the municipal art galleries, just as grown-up people pretend to art by giving themselves an annual headache at the Royal Academy. Throughout the country the municipalities are busily establishing art schools, from which every year are turned out innumerable indifferent designers and painters of pictures. Commerce has, of course, obligingly stepped in, seeking by many means to accommodate artistic people with the media of the fashion. They supply artistic fumed oak dining-room suites, in fact, artistic everything, from cretons to small hose. Enterprising touring agencies exploit the craze by insisting upon our visiting the art treasuries of Continental cities, and caterers advertise artistic afternoon teas. Doubtless,

we shall get over it, but meanwhile it has nothing to do with art. Being influenced by art is a more serious business, because it means the abandonment of all sentimental feeling about art, all mere approval of art, and all patronage of art. It means nothing more or less than a personal response to the call of art. Pedants and connoisseurs of art talk eternally of composition and technique; others talk only of price and authenticity; others collect the things talked about and put them in their houses or in museums. But all of these fads are just as futile as the cult of fumed oak. They are a part of a general degradation, and none of them can help in restoring art to its right place in society: they are all too content that art should be a bauble. "True clerks of the collection, these," as Whistler put it, "they mix memoranda with ambition, and, reducing art to statistics, they file the fifteenth century and pigeon-hole the antique." These people, these artistic pedants and connoisseurs are the product of art's darkest hour. Whilst they pose and appraise and discuss, the real meaning of the artist and his work are forgotten.

A work of art is the product of a fine and sensitive self-consciousness, and its utility lies in its power of stimulating in those who perceive it qualities equal to those that created it. It is to be looked upon as a living thing and not as a curiosity or an article of commerce. A work of art is a confession of self, it is a human soul laid bare, inviting companionship. When approached in such a manner it has a vital message; in it we do not only see art and the artist, but ourselves or what we might be, for every supreme work of art is the expression of a sensuous power beyond everything previously experienced. The very fact that we have been moved by contemplation of such work means that our perceptions have undergone a change, they have been stimulated into something finer and keener than they were before, the utility of art lies in the fact that it may be a tonic for the perceptions. It may act on the senses as the tonic air of the mountains acts on the blood, and from the senses touch the emotions to a newer activity. And by thus increasing our perceptive and emotional power it will make it possible for us not so much to see the beauty and the wonder of the world as to see the world, for without art we are blind.

Many have been moved by art in this way; but there they allow the matter to end. Instead of permitting this new power to react upon their lives as the guide and adjudicator of their movements among men in the every-day world, they make of it a private thing, a subject for discussion and sentiment among kindred spirits, and a shield against the stress and ugliness of the mundane world. The effect of the fine arts upon them is in the nature of the establishment of a substitute for life. It becomes for them a sedative and a soporific, enervating the activities, withdrawing the social impulses from their proper sphere, and thus sterilising social desire. Lovers of art hang their walls with treasures, promenade the galleries of Bond Street, and the palaces of beautiful dead cities abroad, and they shut their eyes to the ashes and dust of our modern cities, instead of being moved to make the life about them one with the vision of life they have received from art.

Art is doubtless useful for these people in an abortive way, for it confirms them in their social indifference; it helps them to live in elegant privacy, deadening their senses against the shoddy and the vulgarity of public life. It even teaches them to see beauty in the massed ugliness of a world given over to commerce, and there are artists who pander to this taste by depicting the wizardry of smoke stacks and the iridescence of decay. The only valuable art to an enlightened community is that which reacts upon public life. Art helps us to communalise feeling, thought, and ideas, as well as helping us to perceive these things with more keenness. And the act of withdrawing that result of art from the public life is as wasteful and destructive as the act of withdrawing material riches from the commonwealth; because, as I have tried to show, art, like any other form of wealth, is a social product having for its goal a social destiny.

The artist of to-day cannot be blamed for the private results of his work, although he has given up protest; it is hardly reasonable for him to expect appreciation of his work from society as a whole. The error lies rather with us, as it is telling against us, and we shall have to put up with the consequences until we realise art's tremendous unexploited social wealth. Art can be nothing but a *cul-de-sac*

so long as we are content that the sensuous delight it gives is sufficient in itself. This sensuous delight should be looked upon as a stimulus for the perceptions, as a guide to taste, for good taste is the social art. Once we come to that view of art, we shall no longer look upon a picture or a statue, or read a poem or hear music, without desiring to express the new outlook such enjoyment has given us in the life that is about us. All other appreciation of art is the merest sentimentalism and worse than useless. The person who likes art and is content with the degradation of our public life is an æsthetic thief, for he takes to himself what is the right of the community.

The utility of art, then, lies in its power of accomplishing a revolution in taste. Probably this is felt by many people, that is why they object to all earnest love of art. Love of art is a dangerous thing because it has the power of initiating a love of life. And love of life in a socially minded person means constant warfare against the ungainly wastefulness and hurry which is so large a part of the thing we call life to-day. Those who uphold the life of to-day for mercenary reasons desire us to put up with it, and it is their business to suppress us if we do not, and they are generally successful. There are many ways of conquering the degradation of modern life, but none of these ways can be effective unless we realise the power and value of art; for art at its best is the thing that preserves both the individual and the community, because art is the means by which human beings express themselves as separate persons and as social creatures. To receive social inspiration from art is to step out towards a fine life. It links us with that growing spirit of the world, which is called romance. "The true romance which the world exists to realise," said Emerson, "is the transformation of genius into practical power." Art is the only thing that can stimulate this transformation, and when it does so it becomes a part of the economics of life. For by giving us opportunities of participating in romance, it is giving us the very keys of life. When the spirit of art enters into our acts, those acts grow in power, spreading abroad in ever-widening circles, filling men anew with a vigorous discontent, clearing the dust from the eyes of the drudges, and whispering into the unsuspecting ears of hitherto nopeiess people news of undis-

covered El Dorados. He may not yet realise that art is not a luxury, not a dainty thing for idle hours, but a common and useful thing which will help men to work out their destinies in whatever craft they follow, equally with poet and painter, sculptor and musician; but some such awakening of taste is necessary before we can build cities and states which shall be a fitting harbourage for the soul of man.

Out There

By Grant Watson

THERE was only one white man on the Karramatta cattle-station—a young Englishman who had come out from the old country in the hope of a job, had worked four years under direction, and now thought himself lucky to get sole control of a big going concern in the wild Kimberley district of North West Australia. The company who owned Karramatta paid him four hundred a year and asked no questions so long as the returns were satisfactory. When Jefferies, at the age of eight-and-twenty, first took control of the twelve thousand head of cattle and the twenty or thirty natives who had been employed by his predecessor, it was with the resolve that he would stay for as short a time as necessary in so lonely and remote a district, and that when his salary had accumulated for a few years, he would start a place on his own. Of course, he imagined that he would enjoy the work, knew in fact that he would,—there was opening out to be done and room for improvements. Still, he was accustomed to the pleasures of town and the society of his fellow men, and this was no job for a white man to stay at for any length of time. He fancied that in a few years' time he would return again to his friends and the life he had been accustomed to lead, enjoy the theatres and music-halls, put money on the races, and fall neatly and easily into the place he was now so lightly leaving. He did not realise that a life solitary and unshielded in the silent wilderness of the untamed expanses of the North-West would change the blood and brain of his existence, alter his heart, and uncover doubts, lusts and unsatisfied emotions.

The company for which Jefferies worked provided a house for the white overseer—a house similar to many others possessed and lived in by white men who grapple arduously with the indifference of a vast and foreign land, demanding of it livelihood and wealth. It was built of

corrugated iron and had a corrugated iron roof, painted white. There were two rooms in it. One room had a table and fire-place, two chairs, and one cane easy chair with cushions. The other room contained a bed and some kerosene boxes that served as a washing-stand. There were nails driven into the uprights and supports, on which clothes could be hung. There was a wooden floor, common to both rooms, and a thin wooden partition to separate them. In front of the house was a verandah. In the evenings Jefferies would pull out the cane chair on to the verandah and sit smoking his pipe and looking across the country. Overhead he would see cloudless tropical sky, a few bats hawking for flies, and occasionally the larger wings of a flying fox. On every side in the dim light stretched the arid bush, flat and sun-baked. Scattered over its surface were gum-trees and mulga-bushes, that repeated themselves far into the distance, and for distance beyond distance. For many evenings the white man would sit, listening to the stillness of that untroubled land. Kangaroos and wallabies would come out of the scrub and hop fearlessly within a few yards of him; he would hear the rhythmical rise and fall of the native songs, see the smoke of their camp fires, and hear the whirring, humming sound of the bull-roarers. At such times the natives, together with all his surroundings, beasts and trees, seemed to be in league. They were part of the land, and understood its mystery. He alone was foreign and out of place. It was as if some great menacing hand were stretched out, weighing him down, pressing him to the earth, leaving him terrified and weak. To save himself he would go indoors and light the lamp, and read back numbers of the English magazines and newspapers. During the first few months he would take off days whenever he could manage it and ride over to Turkey Creek, thirty miles off. This was the nearest township; here he would stay the night at the hotel, talk with the storekeeper and have a glass of whiskey with anyone who dropped in and then ride back the next day, fortified against another spell of loneliness.

As the days passed, bringing no change, he began to take an interest in the natives. At first he had looked upon them as a lot of niggers, all very much the same. Gradually he began to see them as individuals, human beings who

were interesting and in some respects attractive. He liked their light cheerfulness, their good horsemanship, and the quality that made them so easily pleased with small things. He was less lonely when working among them, and felt sub-consciously that they were a possible means of interpretation to the mystery of the land, that seemed at one time to threaten and overpower with immense forebodings and at another to caress with a soft and hovering quiet. There were two families that camped near the house and did any little odd jobs that he wanted doing. In return for their services he would give them scraps and things he did not want. Their women cooked for him, and there were always two or three girls hanging about the compound. He decided to learn their language, and in the evenings had them on to the verandah, where they would sit late into the night talking and smoking. For a long time he found the women ugly and repulsive, their faces were so unlike any human face that he had ever conceived of as being sexually attractive; but as time went on he found himself noticing them, looking at the slim, well-made bodies of the girls, watching their quick, graceful movements. It was not till he had been several months on the station that he admitted to himself that he was attracted, liked their close proximity, and looked forward to seeing the women on his return from work. He then discovered in them a quick consciousness of the same fact. There was one girl of fourteen whom he had particularly noticed. She had looked at him quickly out of the corners of her eyes as women will. Her face, with its smiling cheerfulness, could not be called ugly; it was enigmatic and bestial perhaps, but attractive. Her body was desirable and beautiful. He sat long into the night thinking of her. He must possess her, demand of her all her secrets. She might help him to penetrate that baffling mystery of the land; with her help he might lose the sense of loneliness and injury from which he suffered. Things were different here from what they were in Europe, why pretend that they were the same? Besides, he wanted her, and that was all-important. Anyone who knew the circumstances would not blame him—and then no one need know. He walked down towards the native camp. There were two old men sitting by the fire. The women were asleep huddled together under a break-

wind. Dogs rushed out barking, he beat them back, and the natives all woke up to shout and curse at the dogs. When all was quiet again, Jefferies sat down by the fire and filled his pipe; then he turned to old Manya, the girl's father.

"Manya," he said, "I want that girl of yours, the one I call Mary. You let her come back with me be my woman?"

The old man put a stick into the fire, waited till it blazed, and handed it to Jefferies to light his pipe; he then picked up a red-hot piece of charcoal and placed it in his own clay. The other natives became interested and there was a stir among the women. All was silent when he spoke:—

"How much you give?"

"What you want?"

"You take my girl, you give something."

"A bottle of whiskey?" said the white man.

The old savage sat still for a few moments, looking into the fire, then nodded, "All right."

At once the whole party broke into excited talk and laughter. Jefferies felt ashamed and annoyed and wanted to get away as soon as possible. Manya called out to the girl, who came forward shy and frowning.

"You go along with boss," he said.

"You come along with me, little girl, you be my woman?" The girl said nothing, but he felt her hand tighten on his. They stepped out together into the darkness. "Good night, Manya!" he shouted back. At some little distance he paused, put an arm round the girl's shoulders and looked back. Behind him were the noises of the camp, the red light of the fire, and black figures moving to and fro before it; in front was the dark outline of his house, on all sides the dim expanses of the wild land, whose mystery, identical with his own soul, he now strove to solve.

Mary was much envied by the other girls of the camp. She was very proud to live in the house and to be the possession of the white man; and yet the house didn't quite suit her; she wanted alterations. The bed was too small to sleep in, and so they pulled the mattress to pieces and spread out the ticking on the floor and added dry leaves; this they covered with rugs and blankets. Then she wanted

always to see the fire, so he pulled down the partition and they slept near the hearth. On the whole, Mary was an easily satisfied little person, she asked for nothing and was always happy to do what the white man wanted. She was frankly sensual, natural, and childish. Her habits were indeed primitive and rather ugly, but he took a sort of pride in her shamelessness and in her showing so frankly herself. Jefferies got genuinely fond of her. Sometimes as they sat by the fire in the evening he would look at her half affectionately, half quizzingly, as she sat solemnly smoking one of his old pipes; then he would run a finger down her spine till she laughed and wriggled. "You're a damned funny little baggage for a fellow to live with," he would say. She understood the drift of what he said, but not the words, and would answer inconsequently about some object that caught her notice.

After the advent of Mary, Jefferies went less frequently to Turkey Creek, and, when he did, made no mention of her. He came to talk more and more with the natives; some of the men he got to like and admire as good trackers and keen hunters. They on their part extended to him their natural friendliness. They respected him, too, as boss, as a wondrously powerful being, the owner of guns and other magical instruments. They told him of their totems and their class organisation, and he, to please them, became a member of the Black Snake totem and took on a class name. Sometimes he would sit the night long, watching them prepare for Corroborees, that were celebrated in the early dawn. These sacred dances were held every two or three months, and neighbouring tribes would gather together for the occasions. Then would take place the chief religious ceremonies of the year and many rites of dancing and song. Jefferies would go apart with the men, for no women are allowed to be present at the preparation, nor are women allowed to witness the dance itself. He learned to join in the long-drawn nasal chants, and would sit among the slender spears. The spears were perpendicularly planted in the ground, among which the dark figures moved while they oiled and painted their bodies in long red and black streaks, with here and there white blobs and patches. Then when all was ready, they would file off to the place where the women were waiting, sitting grouped about the

fires. Those who were not about to take part in the dance would join their womenkind, and let their voices rise and fall in a monotonous chant. At a sign, all the women would hide their heads under skins and moan, a big pile of sticks would be kindled and the dancers would emerge, each with tufts of emu feathers on hips and shoulders, their red and white head-dresses swaying to and fro in the glare of the forked flame. To Jefferies their jerky mechanical movements suggested some spirits of the earth, sprung from it and worked on wires, thus clumsily trying to express some of its savage significance. Sometimes, as he thus sat a silent spectator, a feeling would come over him that all this had happened before, that this was the most real experience that ever had happened, that he had lived many lives, and in each life at such supreme moments had lost all individual desires and fears and had reached towards some supreme God who lived in the bush and in the heart of these friendly savages.

At the end of three years he was admitted as a member of the tribe with full rights; he spoke their language, and no longer used pigeon English. Several of the most important men offered him their daughters in exchange for knives, drinks, tobacco, and such desirable objects. He had seven women living with him in the little house with the iron roof. By this time the wooden floor had been eaten up by white ants, and those remnants that had not been eaten had been burnt, so that he and his women now sat on the bare earth, worn smooth and hard by their feet. Little scraps of bone and a great many old rags lay about here and there. The building was full of flies and the peculiar, strong odour of a native camp. He had learnt to sit native fashion and to eat with his fingers. As far as possible he would avoid all other white men. This was from a mixed feeling, partly of shame, but chiefly because he knew they could not understand the consolation he found in the native songs and dances and in the wild bush itself. They would not understand the innocent sensuality of savage life. They would leer at the sensuality, but never see the innocence. They could not see the truth of the religion he had found.

When there was business to be done on the farm with buyers and dealers, he was curt and never offered any

hospitality. At certain intervals he had to go over to Turkey Creek, when there were reports to be posted to the company and affairs to be settled at the Bank.

On these occasions he was shy and reticent and returned home as soon as possible. For ten years the company paid his salary into his account at the Union Bank. Each year they received satisfactory reports. The farm was doing twenty times as well as formerly, and the returns were proportional. At a general meeting the directors decided to give Jefferies a six months' holiday, and to pay his expenses, first-class return to Perth. They wrote to Linton, their agent at Wyndham, to this effect, and requested that he would visit Jefferies and tell him of their intention. At Turkey Creek Linton heard rumours that Jefferies had "gone black," and would not be an easy customer to tackle. When he reached the homestead he found three black women sitting on the floor of the house, and the smell disgusted him. So he dragged a chair out under the trees and waited for Jefferies to return. Towards dusk he appeared, rode straight up to the house, dismounted without a word of greeting, and flung the reins over his horse's head.

"Well—what do you want here?" he said in a gruff voice.

"I've come with a note from the company," said Linton, "and a message."

"Ain't they satisfied?"

"Oh, well enough."

"So they offer me a six months' holiday," he mused. "Tell them I don't want it, that I'm here to work the farm, and as long as I do that to their satisfaction, they had better leave me alone. Now you'd better be going back, I reckon."

"A holiday would do you good," ventured Linton. "Think about it, man. They may take it badly, when they have acted so handsomely by you."

"I know what will do me good, thank you. You better be going."

Then a little shamefacedly, "There's no place to sleep here. You're not above sleeping in the bush, are you?"

After Linton had left, Jefferies flung himself down in a corner of the house and lay moodily looking out at nothing through the open door.

Jenny, a tall black girl of eighteen, came and sat down beside him.

"What is it?" she said.

He spoke without expression: "The people who sent me up here want me to go back and see them."

"But you won't go?" she said anxiously.

"No."

She stretched out a hand towards him. He turned to her and put his elbow on a piece of half-cooked meat. Suddenly, vividly, he saw himself with his own eyes of ten years ago. He understood the pitying, scornful look on Linton's face. "Damnation!" he cried, springing up.

"What is it?" said the woman. "Tell me what is your trouble. What did that man say?"

"It's all right, old girl, nothing to do with you. It's not your fault. I shall go out by myself a bit." And he walked past her into the night.

He was excited and upset. Why would they not leave him in peace? He was happy, no doubt he was happy, so long as they left him alone. Curse that man! He hated him for that look. Damn him for his contempt! Then, as if the thought had been thrown and stuck in his heart, he knew that he must go and see what it was all like, prove to himself that it was inferior, damned inferior, even the best civilisation. He would go to measure it, to sneer at it, as that beast had sneered; go for a month or two at most, and then he would come back. He strode quickly towards the house, and called out, "Jenny! Jenny!"

A dark figure came towards him. "Yes," she said.

"I am going away to-morrow. I shall be away for some time."

"Why are you going? You are going to your own people. Do you still love them?"

"No, I hate them."

"Then why do you go?"

He started to speak, then stopped. He could not find words to tell her why he was going, so he put his hand out and stroked her hair.

"I shall come back quite soon, and then never go away again."

"You will live with white women," said the girl suspiciously.

"No."
"Yes, you will live with white women."
'Damn white women!"
The next morning he rode away towards Turkey Creek.

On the steamer from Wyndham to Freemantle, Jefferies spent most of his time leaning over the rail looking at the waves. He was shy of the white men and still more so of the women. He felt they were all noticing the way he ate and drank, and were whispering to each other that he was from the back country. The presence of the women disturbed him, and their light, superficial talk left him dismayed to know what to say. As the voyage went on, this shyness wore off to a certain extent; he was less boorish and rude when spoken to, and the last days of the voyage would sit in a gloomy silence in the smoking-room, watching the other men play cards and listening to their conversation in scornful silence.

At Perth he was met by the manager of the company and several of his old pals; they had heard from Linton that he might be difficult, and was suffering from too long a spell of the bush. They were tactful, and finding that he was not anxious to talk about his life, they talked about theirs, and he became interested against his will. At first their small enthusiasms were welcome. They were fuel to the smouldering heat of his contempt, but later, gradually and subconsciously, some forgotten part of himself came to appreciate the intrinsic quality of their lives. Commerce and trade and civilisation were fine big things, overpoweringly big; and he respected against his will the men who were the slaves and the lords of so much power. The power they gave to their women and the pride they took in dressing their wives especially impressed him. It seemed that they measured their own strength by the beauty and appearance of their womenfolk. The bush and the little house he had left, the memory of the strong black women and the fat little half-caste babies fell into the background and became submerged beneath the superficiality of this other world and the excitement of re-entering civilisation.

The manager of the company was anxious to do all he could for Jefferies, and so kept his time full of entertainments and insisted on his meeting a great many people.

Amongst these was a Miss Muriel Thornton, a nurse at the Perth Hospital. Miss Thornton was thirty years of age, she moved among a set of other young women with ideals and aspirations similar to her own. Her religion was to have a good time and to be thought respectable. She justified her existence by nursing the sick at Perth Hospital and keeping her eye open for the possible man who might do.

Jefferies was to her a good-looking, strong man with a good salary that was about to be raised, and money in the bank. Certainly he might do. She decided to marry him.

At first he was frightened of her; then attracted, then disgusted at her pruderies, then enchanted by her contradictions, and finally in love. His past life now seemed very remote. Civilisation, with all its nervous, compelling strength, had reclaimed its prodigal child; and now Muriel, its daughter, a significant and menacing symbol of its greatness, covered the entire surface of his life.

She was a wonder to him. It was her lack of simplicity that seemed most wonderful. He felt she was hiding something; and in a way he felt it was a compliment to his manhood that she should appear this changeful, contradictory, complex creature. She had a scale of values, those concerned with sex especially, that differed entirely from anything he had come in contact with. She seemed to value herself on an altogether arbitrary and yet strangely varying scale. Once or twice he found himself comparing her with the black women he had lived with. This was an almost blasphemous act; he wanted her to move in a world apart from all that old life. When he came to ask her to marry him, it was in all humbleness of spirit and a feeling of unworthiness. When she accepted him, he felt himself the happiest of men, and felt a sudden but quickly passing impulse to tell her of his life on Karramatta station.

He could not say to himself that he was ashamed of his past life, he felt it far away—natural in its way—but different from this reality. Now he was having a really fine time, giving dinners, making up parties, going upon expeditions with Muriel and her sister, flirting with her on the beach at Cottisloe, and taking her for picnics in the Darling Ranges.

When four months of his holiday were up, they were

married, and he was faced seriously with the fact of having in two months' time to go back.

Yes, he had decided to go back, though he had been tempted to start on his own, but the company had urged him, and the rise in salary was larger than he had anticipated. He agreed, to oblige them, to go back for two years. Then they promised a better job a few miles out of Geraldton, where there would be plenty of society for him and his wife. His friends told him he was a changed man, and so he felt himself to be. He was a white man once again, and a white man he was going to remain; he would make a proper homestead when he got back, and get fellows to come over from Turkey Creek to make things bright for his wife. And if things got too dull they could afford a holiday.

The next two months he and his wife spent in honeymooning on the south coast. In this time he learnt much about a woman's life, and was surprised at the number of pomades, scents, and appliances that she used. It pleased him that she should take such care of her figure and the texture of her skin. He told her how rough things would be in the bush. She laughed, and said that she was prepared for hardships, but that she would keep herself like a lady as long as she could.

At length the six months came to an end, and they started up north. Jefferies had anticipated that there might be some little trouble with the women, and had arranged that his wife should stay at Wyndham, while he went on in advance and put things in order, and saw to the building of the new house.

The first thing was to have the old house pulled down and to send the women all back to the camp. They were at first clamorously indignant, but later sullen and, as he thought, submissive. Four men came over from Turkey Creek with two waggons and a great many pieces of corrugated iron. They went and returned several times, and finally a large four-roomed house was erected. It had a deep verandah, and when painted white looked bright and cheerful in the clearing. Jefferies furnished it after the pattern of the boarding-houses in West Perth. He was pleased with it and looked forward to showing it to his wife. When she finally did see it, she was tired and stiff after

a long coach-journey. She was horrified at the extreme loneliness of the situation and querulous as to the future.

The day after her arrival a horrible incident occurred. Jefferies was out on the verandah, nailing up a piece of Chinese matting to keep the sun out, when he heard a series of sharp screams. He dropped his work, rushed through the living-room to the kitchen; there in the middle of the room Jenny, a black and terrible figure, had got his wife by the hair, and was dragging her to and fro, up and down.

"What for you steal my man, you dam white woman?" she panted.

"God damn you, you black bitch!" yelled Jefferies, and struck her with all his strength on the ear. Jenny let go her hold and reeled back. She clutched the edge of the door to save herself from falling. A stream of blood ran down her neck and over her breast and dripped on to the clean boards of the floor.

"Get out of here, damn you! If ever you come back, I swear I'll do for you."

Without speaking, she turned and, clinging to the door, stumbled out down the steps.

Jefferies turned to his wife. She had sunk into a chair and was holding her head in her hands. The noise she emitted could not be described as a sob or a scream. It was a mixture of the two, rising and falling in desperate conflict with one another. He stood looking at her, at a loss what to do or say. He muttered to himself, cursing, then knelt down beside the distraught woman and tried to take her hand. Her sobs redoubled and she blubbered out: "Oh, you men, you are all brutes, I think!" Jefferies felt somehow that he was to blame, but he didn't know quite where or at what stage the fault had begun. He felt not so much sorry for her as intensely irritated, and wanted to be away out of sound of those choking sobs. Suddenly she sat up straight and looked at him. It was a different being and a different soul speaking to him from that puffy, tear-stained face.

"You lived with that woman? You're her property. You beast!"

"Yes," he said, "so would you, if you had been in my place."

They were both dead to any grotesqueness in the remark.

She flung herself forward again with redoubled sobs. In a while these ceased and she let herself fall back and lie in the chair with eyes closed.

Fortunately for both of them there were plenty of things that had to be done, and so the painful claims of the situation had to find their place among the necessities of every-day life. Muriel was frightened, shocked and outraged, and she insisted on being taken away; she made him feel that he had behaved badly, shamefully by her, and he was glad enough to make any concession. They agreed that he was to give up the position and that then they should start on their own in a more civilised and accessible part.

In the meanwhile Muriel was in terror of the natives. He assured her that no harm should come to her, and walked over to the camp to say that no natives should come near the house. His old friends looked and listened silently and without comment. He returned to find Muriel nervous and on the verge of hysterics. He gave her his revolver to assure her. For a week he worked near the homestead, and all went with its accustomed smoothness. During this time he saw nothing of Jenny.

Then about two days later happened what he had not contemplated as possible. On returning home from work in the evening he saw an odd-shaped bundle of clothes on the verandah. He hurried towards it. As he mounted the steps he saw his wife's foot sticking out stiffly towards him; beyond and partly soaked up by the skirt and petticoat was a pool of congealed blood. His wife's head was beaten almost out of recognition. Her breast-bone was broken in by the blow of a heavy digging stick such as the native women use.

He stood white and trembling, dumb with rage and horror. He felt suddenly sick, and grasped the rail behind him. Then rage swept over him again. He stepped over the body into the house, snatched up a rifle, crammed cartridges into the magazine, and set off at a run towards the native camp. He would shoot every one he saw. He'd teach them.

There was not a native in the camp; a smouldering fire and one mangy puppy was all that was left. The Mulga bushes stirred gently in the breeze, and from the distance came the mocking yaffle of a cookaburra. Silence, and the

long blue shadows of distance, forerunners of the coming night, that lengthen and imperceptibly cover the land. Here was no answer for a man mad with rage and discord. He rushed on into the bush, wild to find something to be avenged on. Then, suddenly realising the futility of trying to find a native who did not wish to be found, he trudged slowly back to the house.

That night he sat by his wife's body. Behind him was the empty house, symbol of civilisation, of his hopes and intentions, the material concrete sign of his marriage; and there at his feet lay the other. All around was the intense stillness of the bush. His thoughts drifted out into it.

He heard far off the hum of the distant bull-roarers. The savages were speaking with their God: the God of the land. A religious mood crept over him and a feeling of harmony with all that outside, wild world, a feeling of comprehension for what was mysterious and silent.

He started from this mood, reproaching himself for letting his thoughts wander from his dead wife. He dozed to sleep. Then woke to find himself bitten over face and hands by mosquitoes and the sun rising. He got up stiffly, looked at the corpse in front of him and shuddered. Things happen quickly in a hot country and it was not a pleasant sight. It seemed incredible that he should ever have loved, or thought he loved, that mass of decomposing flesh and tawdry clothes. Once more he stepped over it, and went and fetched a spade and began digging a hole. When he had the hole sufficiently deep, he picked up the body that lay on the verandah and carried it to the place, dropped it in, then quickly shovelled back the earth. He felt like a murderer; he had brought her up to be killed and mutilated, and was all alone with that thought. And now he had buried her quickly, unceremoniously, and without reverence. He wanted in some way to make up. In her room he found clothes, one of her hats and some of the little feminine things she used. These he wept over sentimentally. He looked up, to see his tear-stained face in a mirror they had bought together in Perth. Anger came over him; it was a shadow, a grotesque reflection of all his dreams. He struck at it and it broke. All the things in the house mocked at him, and he hated them.

That night and the next he spent in the bush; he lay

on the ground and listened to all the familiar sounds. They came and seemed to carry him away from all the tragedy of the last days, all the feverish haste and bustle of the months in Perth. The stars shone so steadfastly down and the trees swayed gently and rustled their leaves, the wallabies and the boody-rats came and played close to him, and he watched with pleasure. Then he stretched himself face downwards and wept. He thought he was crying for his wife, but in reality he was crying like a child who, after some rash, disastrous adventure, had come back to its mother to be kissed and consoled.

Ten days passed, and he remained alone by the empty house and newly filled grave. Once he thought of riding into town to get a clergyman to come and read a service over the grave, but his heart failed him, and he stayed on. One day a white man rode up to the house. Jefferies saw him in the distance and recognised him as one of the prospectors from the plains. His instinct was to escape notice, but instead he walked out to meet the visitor. He hailed him and asked him to come in and have a drink.

The man admired the house and asked Jefferies what his wife thought of the locality. Jefferies' thought moved instinctively. His tongue was parched in his mouth. He felt a murderer. "She is dead," he gulped.

"Good Lord! I am very sorry. How very sad!" said the man. Jefferies was silent.

"I am very sorry for you. How very sad!" The stranger was embarrassed. "What did she die of?" he blurted out.

Why the words rose to his lips or where they came from Jefferies did not know, but he answered without a pause, "She died of fever."

"This is no country for white women," said the man. "Too far to ride and fetch a doctor, I suppose."

"Yes, she was frightened and wouldn't let me leave her, and then she died. You understand, I had to bury the body at once."

"When did this happen?"

"Ten days ago."

"And you've been here ever since?"

"Yes."

"You mustn't stay here any longer. Go into the town.

If I hadn't to go across country myself, I'd go back with you. You mustn't stay here, it's bad for you; enough to send any man cracked."

The prospector was quite anxious about Jefferies. He stayed and talked for some time. Jefferies constrained himself to be civil, anything to get rid of the follow without suspicion; besides, it was a relief to have someone to talk to. He promised to go back to town and bring back a clergyman to read a service over the grave. In an unreasoning, blind way he felt that this would somehow put him straight.

The next day he saddled his horse and started off towards Turkey Creek. Five miles he rode through the bush, then he stopped and muttered to himself, turned his horse's head and rode back. The homestead was empty and still. He was lonely and bitter and longed to see a human being, yet was cut off from them. Unable to face the men at Turkey Creek, he would have given all he had to talk truthfully with a human being. He walked miles into the solitary bush, then flung himself down exhausted and lay still, thinking: it was monstrously unfair that he should be cut off from all human life, afraid and ashamed to meet his own people; the natives he had sworn to kill if ever he saw them. And if he did kill them, what then? He thought of their feasts and dances, of their simple, confident beliefs. The past ten years of native life came crowding back. The time at Perth and at the south coast seemed irrelevant, trivial and silly. He turned from it as from a sickness. Perhaps in the open spaces and glades between the slender, flesh-tinted eucalyptus stems he might find health again. He thought of his wife, the superficial vulgarity of their relation, the silly jokes they had laughed at. What false creatures they had appeared to one another! There was nothing he loved in her; even her sensuality was decked out in the vulgarity of ladylike behaviour. Then uncontrolled rage rose in him. Why couldn't they leave him alone? He had been happy alone and in touch with the things that bring peace and satisfaction. The women he lived with were simple and understood him, and he understood them; they knew how to take a blow unflinchingly and bore their pain in silence or else expressed it in direct, effective action. He cursed civilisation. Why

had it not left him in peace? He had found God in the wild bush, and then forsaken him. Now he was alone. Curse them! Curse them! Curse them! The fit of passion spent itself. . . . He had to go back to the house for food. Here he lounged in dejection for some days, muttering to himself and sometimes shouting out loud.

One morning, as he came out into the paddock, he saw Jenny standing some fifty yards from him. His heart beat violently as he walked towards her. When about five paces distant, he stopped with a confused rush of thoughts streaming through his brain. He looked wonderingly at this mysterious creature that had stepped out of wild, unreckoned time and space to claim him. She was his slave. The white man in him spoke.

"Well, what have you come back for, you black devil?" He strode towards her. "What have you come back for, damn you?"

"I came back cook for master, look after master."

He grasped and shook her by the shoulders. "So you've come back, you black slut, have you?"

She looked up at him fearlessly, their eyes met, and she wriggled herself nearer. Then suddenly he clasped her to him, forced her head back roughly and pressed his mouth to hers.

Public Memorials

By A. Stodart Walker

THE question of selecting an effective plastic memorial and an appropriate site for the same to the late King Edward, the Seventh of England and First of Scotland, so named by me as to leave little doubt as to my national habitat and my national pride, raises a subject of more catholic significance than the perpetuation in stone and bronze of the memory of a popular Sovereign. This wider issue finds a text in the very environment selected for the King Edward memorial. Standing to the south-east of the chosen spot, rises the portentous column erected to the memory of the Duke of York, a significant indication that London at least would be compelled to remember the name of an insignificant man. What the said Duke did, thought, or said hardly ten members of that Mecca of learning near by, the Athenæum Club, might say, and in the whole of the metropolis I doubt whether we could find a hundred men whose knowledge goes deeper than the fact that the Duke, on a forgotten occasion, with ten thousand men "marched them up to the top of the hill and marched them down again." Whether the popular rhyme which humorously indicates a truism, is a complete specification of the deeds of this Duke of the candlestick monument, rivalling in its immensity the colossus of Nelson, with which it almost rubs shoulders, is doubtful. This much is certain, that, so far as any vital issues in English history are concerned, the Duke did little more worthy of remembrance than is embodied in the nursery jingle. In the view which we propose to take of this matter of national recognition by bronze and lapidary inscription, the Duke of York calls less to our sense of patriotic gratitude than that George whose pettiness was graved in lucid prose by Thackeray, and more familiarly summarised by the poetaster, who dismissed him with the statement that "King George he was —King George."

PUBLIC MEMORIALS

In dealing with the comparative values of public memorials, the larger question with which we are concerned, it has to be noted that, in the matter of Royal memorials, it has become a habit to regard the raising of a public statue as a matter of course; in fact, of regarding the memorial as a finishing and necessary touch to the funeral service. Fortunately, in recent years, the people of this country have had no difficulty in the matter. There has been no serious disputation of the fact that, of late, the occupants of the throne have been more than figureheads—mere emblems of the Constitution. Few wrote their name more deeply than Queen Victoria on the constitutional history of the nineteenth century, and the unstinted praise that was given to King Edward proved to us that all classes recognised his claim to perpetuation in historical memory. We see little danger ahead of any slackening of the high ideals of these two powerful monarchs. But the truth remains that had they not been the constitutional forces they were, they would have had no more claim to memorials in marble or bronze, within the precincts of the metropolis, than had the fourth George or the fourth William. The citizens of Edinburgh, encouraged possibly by one of the very few weaknesses of that splendid man and great Scottish gentleman, Sir Walter Scott, raised a statue to the former in the dignified avenue of George Street, where he is enthroned, by means of the plastic arts, side by side with William Pitt and Thomas Chalmers. In Trafalgar Square, George IV. finds himself in company with Nelson and Havelock. In the history of England the fourth of the Georges signifies little; in the history of Scotland he represents less, and the one consolation we have is that the smallest man honoured in the Scottish capital is represented by the finest example of Chantrey's distinguished art.

Even taking into consideration the merits of two such significant monarchs as Queen Victoria and King Edward of affectionate memory, we must not forget that in the perspective of history, the mother must of necessity occupy the relatively larger place. However much we value King Edward's untiring exertions in the cause of kingly and national duty, no one can assert that his significance in history approaches in importance that of Queen Victoria.

It was quite appropriate that Victoria the Great should be symbolised in so important a memorial as is erected outside Buckingham Palace. Victoria, besides being a great constitutional force, embodied in her person one of the most fruitful eras in British history, and her memorial is as relevant as that gilded enormity to her devoted husband is irrelevant. In fact, we may find in the Albert Memorial the best example we possess of the want of a sense of proportion in the matter of public statues, a want of proportion which, to many minds, seems to belittle the significance of other national tributes. As the faithful yoke-fellow of a great Queen, as the father of Kings to be, Albert no doubt called for some sort of recognition, and no one would have disputed the claim. But that there should be raised to him a monument which, in size, puts to shame the Scott monument in Edinburgh, and the memorial to Queen Victoria in the category of a Lilliput, is a dramatic instance of what emotion and kindly sentiment to a beloved monarch, dominating historical perspective, can do. Not that there is much danger of history being tricked by such an obvious anomaly. Not even a 'bus-driver is deceived that the Prince Consort was in the same plane of the historical architecture as Queen Victoria, that he was a more effective statesman than, say, the seventh Henry or the elder Pitt, of whom there are no presentments in the streets of London, or that he was of greater importance to the making of modern history than the Duke of Wellington, though Albert the Good towers in gilded immensity over Kensington, while the hero of the Peninsula modestly keeps guard on Constitution Hill.

The fact that we deem it necessary to consider the matter of proportion in this question of public memorials, puts out of the running any elaborate disputation as to the need of such memorials at all. There are many, whose opinions are not generally beneath contempt, who look upon the matter as being affected by mere transient popular emotion, the energies of wire-pullers, or the endowment of friends. They argue that such a muddle has been made in the past that there is little hope of an improvement in the future. There is no regulating force behind the impulse of the moment, no historical standard but a chaotic one. nothing to guide mankind in discovering what history will

say of such and such a person. They even go further and regard the raising of memorials in stone as merely leaves torn indiscriminately from a history book and flung along the roadside, for a man to read, with some of the more important pages hidden between the bindings of the closed book. Many feel with the younger Pliny: "Habe ante oculos mortalitatem, a quâ asserere te hoc uno monumento potes; nam caetera fragilia et caduca non minus quam ipsi homines, occidunt desinuntque." Certainly to be enshrined in a popular rhyme, either as its subject or its author, is the surest way to immortality, and it is only the very ignorant who require their history to be graved in stone. As for memorials to men of letters, this seems to depend a great deal upon the influence of the coterie, which may be proved by the fact that an author of the category of Thomas Carlyle, who said bitter things of his contemporaries, is neglected, while a genial soul like Robert Louis Stevenson finds his memorial. Both Robert Buchanan and William Black resided long in the West Highlands. Robert Buchanan was a man out for a fight; William Black seldom asserted his personality in critical warfare. Black, therefore, is given his monument, while Buchanan, a man of much greater genius, is in the Carlylean category. Then the accidents of wealth in the descendants of the man of note often decide the matter. No doubt, if Mr. Martin Tupper had left a wealthy son or nephew, we would have had a memorial to him in some prominent position, and he might have been recognised by many who had never heard of Keats or Shelley. This form of nepotic bequest is a real evil, and there are instances, familiar to us all, where even a son has presented a statue of his comparatively insignificant father to a city and, having many friends in authority, has secured a site which ought to have been reserved for some character of real historical or local significance. The evil is not so great when it occurs in a provincial centre, but that the metropolitan areas of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin should be inflicted with this form of family endowment is unforgivable. There are instances where a memorial is not out of place and where there may be some justification for a son using his wealth to perpetuate an honoured name, when the public have not moved in the matter. The Thomas

Guthrie memorial in Edinburgh is an example of this. Dr. Guthrie was a prominent ecclesiast in Edinburgh and, further, descended from the pulpit to do an amount of honourable and noble spade work in the slums of the Northern capital. Many years having passed and no memorial having been raised to him, one of his sons presented a statue to the city. But the mistake was made of erecting this monument in Princes Street, where only the makers of Scottish history, art, and literature should be enshrined. Guthrie's statue would have found a fitting place in the districts in which he worked amongst the poor, or as an ornament to the Church in which he preached. But that he should be enthroned in such an open-air pantheon as Princes Street shows a lack of historical and even local sense that is significant of much that happens amongst the City Fathers of Edinburgh.

The indifference which such facts bring into the attitude of many does not rid us of the consideration that the public memorial has always been, and remains, amongst the mass of people, of particular significance. The raising of a statue is indeed the apotheosis of the public emotion. When the country is stirred to its depths it cries: "Let us raise him a monument." The sentiment approaches, though perhaps unconsciously, the attitude of the Vatican in the act of canonisation, and is the lay expression of the same emotion. Being such, there is as much need for the "advocatus diaboli" in the one case as in the other. It requires some courage to play "devil's advocate" at the flood time of popular feeling. In contradistinction to the official appointment, as in the case of the Roman Church, the assumption in the circumstances with which we are concerned is a voluntary one, and the courage necessary to undertake a task which is bound to be labelled invidious and ungrateful is not small. Few strong passions will tolerate contradiction. It is as difficult to argue with a popular feeling as it is to argue with a man's faith or dispute his artistic insight. In such cases you are apt to earn the labels of heretic and cynic, being considered blind to virtue and indifferent to valour. But, speaking as a man who is very sympathetic with certain phases of popular emotion, I hold that in no case is a devil's advocate more needed than in this case of the public memorial. We must remember that

we owe a debt to the future as we owe one to the present and the past, and that our vision in such cases should be taken in imagination from a standpoint projected far forward into the coming days. It should be laid down as a principle that no memorial ought to be raised in a metropolitan area to any person whose life and work has not been, and does not promise to remain, of great national moment or of great civic or moral stimulus to those who are to become the heirs of the days that were. I agree as to the difficulty of gauging a standard. We have no footrule in our pockets with which to measure a man's significance. We have no scales constructed for such an efficient purpose as the weighing of a man's attributes and gifts so far as they have affected the assets of a nation. But we can say this much, that, taking the superficial standpoint, the standard of a man's significance ought to be that of Nelson and not of the Duke of York; of Oliver Cromwell, not that of Prince Albert; of the Duke of Wellington, not that of the Duke of Cambridge, fine man and enthusiastic soldier though the latter was.

There are those who hold that no public memorial should be raised to a man until he has been dead for at least a quarter of a century. This principle would at least ensure that the froth of temporarily aroused emotion had been blown away, that the rose-coloured glasses through which we are accustomed to view the recent dead would have been put aside, and the estimate taken through glasses comparatively untinted. The only drawback to such a policy would be to deprive many a man's contemporaries of the opportunity of paying that tribute willingly which his successors would not be so able to do. Every generation ought to settle its own bills, and it has been proved over and over again that if the chance has been lost, it can never be regained. Heroes and men of genius, after all, come tumbling upon us like leaves in Vallombrosa, and we must take the current as it serves or lose our ventures. But this danger does not seem to us a serious one. If time proves the stuff of which a man is made, there need be no fear that the reward will not come; granted, as in all such cases, there are men with spirit enough to set the game afoot. Viewing the conduct of the past, we can assert, without much fear of contradiction, that the evil

that men did in the matter of erecting memorials in the heat of emotion, more than counteracted the good.

Of course, it must not be forgotten, in looking back upon the past, that even tradition, that is to say popular tradition, is not an infallible standard. Many a man occupies an inordinate position in the public imagination simply because "the correctness" of his life's work has been "glamoured," not only by romantic and often fictitious incident, but by the tributes of the poets. The poets have a tremendous responsibility upon their shoulders. Often they have paid the rightful tribute. But the mere fact that a poem has been written about a man's bravery or a man's self-sacrifice, and that the poem has passed into the category of popular recitation, assures that man of an honour which may, in some cases, in the balance of things, exceed his merits, and in others detract from the values of many who deserved as much as he. Sir John Moore was a fine, a great soldier; but would his valour and arms-craft be so highly esteemed in the popular view to-day if Wolfe had not written the lines commencing, "Not a drum was heard"? "The Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaclava was a thrilling and inspiring incident in our military annals, and yet were there not incidents equally as memorable that have escaped the popular mind? If Tennyson had not written his familiar verses, would not that brilliant indiscretion have passed into the lower range of memory and gratitude which is occupied by such picturesque incidents as the last charge of the Covenanters at Aird's Moss or, in more recent years, the gallantry of Captain Towse and his Gordon Highlanders on the ridge of Houtnek? When deploring what seems a sad lack of historical proportion in the congested districts of Westminster Abbey, we may be belittling men whose conduct was as brave and noteworthy as many whose names have become "familiar in our mouths as household words," because some writer has paid them a tribute in lines which have floated easily on to the public tongue.

These are amongst those accidents of circumstances which no one can control. We cannot have an academy of laureates who shall write history in popular verse as accurately as scientific history is now written by scholars of erudition and judgment. It would be a *reductio ad absurdum* to censor the poet, who judged for himself in

the limitations of his own emotions, and to give a commission to an academic poet to enshrine the accepted hero in ear-catching rhyme. We must accept this handicap on the correct perspective of the popular view, and get on with our more practical business of indicating some of the evils that have resulted from the indiscretions of the past.

I have mentioned Edinburgh, and the finest city of Europe supplies me with more than the instance of George IV. of misplaced zeal and ataxic sense of proportion. I do not go so far as Lord Rosebery in wishing that the statues in Edinburgh would rush down a steep descent into the sea, in the manner of the Gadarene swine, though I would willingly bequeath a few of them, and these amongst the latest, to the scrap heap. The Northern capital contains much fine plastic work. The Walter Scott monument is the greatest memorial in stone ever raised to a man of letters, whilst the statues of Allan Ramsay and "Christopher North" are distinguished in more ways than one. But what can be said of the wisdom of a city which allowed a memorial of a certain Mr. Adam Black to be erected in the very Valhalla of the capital? Mr. Black was a baillie and Provost of the city, and he is chiefly remembered by the fact that he wished to fill Princes Street Gardens with shops and warehouses. In honour of this monstrous and criminal suggestion, a statue was raised to his memory in these very gardens. That this memorial of a philistine, if otherwise worthy, city magistrate, with nothing more than a local and temporary fame, should stand cheek by jowl with Sir Walter Scott and David Livingstone is indeed a piteous reflection. No Raeburn, no Wilkie, no Carlyle, no Bruce and Wallace, Mary Stuart or Montrose, Adam Smith and David Hume, and others of that galaxy of talent and power that sprang from the loins of a small and impoverished race; not one of the great men who have helped to make British history beyond the seas and Scottish history at home, but merely Adam Black and Dean Ramsay and Thomas Guthrie. Burns is on the slopes of the Calton, and Knox is on the Mound. But whom do we find outside the hallowed ground of high St. Giles, in the very heart of Midlothian? None of the men whose life was spent or whose blood was spilled around that pivot of Scottish history, but a kindly, wise, and beneficent landlord, the late

Duke of Buccleuch. On the spot where died the finest gentleman and the greatest soldier Scotland ever gave to the admiration of the world, the great Marquis of Montrose; on the ground where the veins of Hackstone of Rathillet and others of the Covenanters were drained in all the mercilessness of the seventeenth century, near to where great deeds were conceived and carried out to the glory of Scottish independence and chivalry, stands the statue of a man significant enough in the annals of Dalkeith and Drumlanrig and precious to the memory of his friends, but absolutely insignificant in the greater issues of history.

Owing to a disagreement as to site between the subscribers and the civic authorities, Edinburgh was recently spared the anomaly of having an equestrian statue of the late Lord Linlithgow raised in a prominent centre of the Scottish metropolis. Lord Linlithgow was a man of great charm. No one can speak more enthusiastically than the present writer of his genial characteristics and his high sense of duty. A successful Governor, a good man to hounds, and a delightful gentleman, his honours are appropriately recognised in his own village of Queensferry. But the fact that it was decided to erect the memorial in the heart of Edinburgh shows how ineptly we approach the sense of proportion in such matters. There stands, as it is, a memorial to a member of the same family in St. Andrew Square, which serves to perpetuate the memory of a man whose deeds were certainly written on sand, which the waves of time seem to have obliterated entirely.

We find other curious anomalies in this city of romance. James Watt is hidden away under the shadow of a scholastic institution, while William Chambers—not Robert Chambers, mind you—commands and destroys the perspective of the street. James Boswell, the author of the greatest biography in the language and, in a sense, the creator of a man, is unknown in St. Giles, but Mrs. Oliphant is remembered. Another great biographer, Lockhart, shares a similar fate. George Buchanan must rest content with a memorial on the cover of "Blackwood," while Allan Ramsay faces the world from the gardens of Princes Street. Smollett is absent, but John Wilson is there. His native city gives no place to Macaulay, but remembers Dean Ramsay. His *alma mater* supplies no niche for David Hume, while David

Brewster presides in the Quadrangle. Dugald Stewart has a monument, but Adam Smith has none, and if you would look for the Scottish heroes in arms, you will find them in St. Paul's in London, and not in Edinburgh.

I have written at length on the anomalies of the Scottish capital, as they exemplify dramatically the dangers threatened by a parochial enthusiasm. To consider London on the same lines would open too wide a field, but I have sufficiently indicated the evils of the past as a warning to the present and the future. My plea is for a sense of proportion, for not allowing what may seem the well-grounded enthusiasm of the moment to handicap the future. What is wanted is not so much enthusiasm as caution and an historical balance. Even if we seem to appear cold and impassive to the idolaters and the enthusiasts, it were better to earn a temporary disdain than make ourselves the laughing stock of those who come after us. "These were your gods, O Israel!" For the men we honour serve to reveal our standards. As the modern pictures purchased for our public galleries reveal the taste of the hour, so our national memorials betray the trends of our estimation of character and historical importance. It is our duty—invidious and often distasteful, but a duty all the same—to damp the ardour of committees of subscribers of Mansion House and other funds, when we see them "running riot in extravagances." Let no man speak until his blood be cool—that is a fair enough prescription for this matter of public tribute. Let us be kindly but firm to the impatient puller of strings and roller of logs. Let us even have the courage to be disagreeable and often apparently cruel.

There are figures which occasionally illumine the darkness, great men who change the map of circumstance or of territory, pioneers of human emancipation and amelioration, about whom it is safe to prophesy an immortal gratitude or at least a lasting recognition. These are the men whom we should carve in stone or cast in bronze and show to the passer by in our busy streets, reminding him of what one hand or brain can do in the great warfare of humanity. Such a man is Lord Lister, for whom we are preparing a memorial at the present time. There is no place in London too good for such as he. Like James Watt and Newton, Simpson and Jenner, Darwin and Harvey, he

was one of the master spirits of the age in which he triumphed. His work is for all time. He was one of the great pulse-throbs in the arteries of humanity. Yet in all likelihood, in the clubs of Pall Mall or in the suburban vicarages of England, his name arouses less emotion than does such a pathetic and illusive figure as General Gordon, and he may have to be content with a site for his memorial less significant than that of the Duke of Devonshire in Whitehall. It is rare indeed to have any monument erected in London to a man outside the ranks of statecraft and the fighting services. We do not forget one or two insignificant memorials on the Embankment or the clustered trio in Park Lane—but these are exceptions which dramatically enforce the fact that, so far as science, literature, and art are concerned, England, in the matter of its metropolitan streets, might be the most unlettered country in the world.

True, we have the Abbey, and there literature is not neglected, though art might never have been. In mentioning the Abbey, curious it will seem a hundred years hence that neither Lister nor George Meredith are buried there, but Henry Irving and Southey are. Lister's case might have been a matter of family choice, but Meredith's was not. Westminster Abbey, we know, is a Christian Church and not merely a national Pantheon, and, as Huxley pointed out in the case of "George Eliot," that fact is not to be forgotten. Yet are we to admit that amongst those who have been recently interred in the Abbey there were none who defied the orthodox canons of Christian morals? In the Abbey we have monstrous anomalies of place and proportion, so monstrous, indeed, as to make its hallowed ground the despair of the man with the sense of proportion. As to place, what are we to say to the artistic aberration which erected the colossal statue of James Watt in the tiny Chapel of Saint Paul? It is not too late to change the habitat of that fine memorial to a great man, on the base of which is carved Brougham's noble tribute, probably the finest lapidary inscription in the language.

Finally, there seems to be no reason why in thinking of memorials of this description, we should conserve the idea that it is necessary to have a full-length figure upon a massive pedestal. Some years ago I advocated for Edinburgh the system that was carried out on the Pincian in

Rome, and in the Jardin de Luxembourg in Paris, by which distinguished men are honoured by the erection of marble busts on high, narrow pedestals. There seems no objection to the suggestion that some of the paths in the various London parks and in Kensington Gardens should be utilised to give place for a series of these busts. In this way we might have an open-air Pantheon. One path might be reserved for soldiers and sailors, another for men of science, another for men of the pen and the brush, and so on. There would then be little trouble about the two vexed questions of money and site. Such a bust would cost very little. The danger would remain, of course, that enthusiasts might press the claims of the mediocre and the merely popular man, and some means would have to be found to ensure a proper selection and direction. Here in the literary walk we would find Chaucer and Spenser, Milton and Dryden, Johnson and Boswell, Defoe and Goldsmith, Burns and Scott, Smollett and Fielding, Keats and Shelley, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Carlyle and Ruskin, Macaulay and Kinglake, Hume and Adam Smith, Sterne and Swift, Dickens and Thackeray, Browning and Tennyson, Stevenson and Meredith, to mention but a few of the more obvious names. In the walk of the painters we would have Reynolds and Raeburn, Gainsborough and Hoppner, Turner and David Cox, Wilkie and David Scott, Orchardson and Cecil Lawson, Cotman and Crome, Rossetti and Millais, Wintour and McTaggart, Furse and Sir George Reid, to make a more or less haphazard selection. The list of soldiers and sailors, scientists and philosophers, pioneers and philanthropists, and the rest need not be even hinted at. What I have said will be sufficient to indicate the scope of the idea, which has this to recommend it to the conservative Briton, that it is neither quite original nor very ambitious.

Our Naval Supremacy—Can We Maintain It?

By Lionel Yexley

WHEN in 1908 our present King, then Prince of Wales, paid a visit to Canada in H.M.S. *Indomitable*, an incident occurred which set the whole Press agog with paragraph and photo; on her homeward trip the *Indomitable*, with her consorts, had a race across the Atlantic, and so strenuous were the conditions and so keen the enthusiasm that, so far as the *Indomitable* was concerned, all hands, from the Captain down, including his present Majesty, went down into the stokehole to help shovel coal into the furnaces. To-day at Winchester House, St. James's Square, there is sitting a Royal Commission on Fuel and Engines. Between the incident of 1908 and the Royal Commission of 1913 there is a direct connection, for one is the outcome of the other.

The *Indomitable* is a vessel of 17,250 tons and 41,000 indicated horse-power (N.D.), and during that memorable trip over the Atlantic, the highest speed maintained for any length of time was 26·4 knots; the average from Belle Isle to the Fastnet 25·13 knots, and to within sight of England 24·8 knots; the pulling down of the whole average during the latter part of the run shows what a fall-off there must have been. This was due to two causes: (1) the gradual exhaustion of the bunkers, (2) the almost complete exhaustion of the human element.

The *Indomitable* carries a complement of 731 officers and men, just over half the total being engine-room and stoke-hole ratings. Theoretically, that half is sufficient to divide into watches and drive the ship to any speed required, yet in that race across the Atlantic, when seamen, idlers, and officers went below to help, no one asked why, or realised what the incident portended in the event of war. To far-sighted men at the helm it discovered the Achilles' heel of the modern Navy—coal; and ever since they have

been seeking a substitute, and have found it in oil and the internal combustion engine, hence the Royal Commission now sitting.

In the appointment of that Royal Commission a good many have discovered an act of treason, whose object is to hand over the British Navy to the tender mercies of the American oil magnate. Welsh coal has for so long loomed in the public eye as the be-all and end-all of steaming requirements, that to seek other sources of motive power, and those outside our own country, spices very much of blasphemy, and the Solomon Eagles of 1913 are busy prophesying the downfall of the Navy if ever Welsh coal is cast aside for foreign oil. Let us take a retrospective glance over Naval affairs of the past, when we shall see how history repeats itself.

The first attempt to introduce steam as a motive power into the Navy took place as far back as 1800. It is possible to imagine with what amazement the seamen of that time, whose very soul casings were wrapped in hemp and canvas, looked on the attack on their beloved masts and sails, and in reply to Mr. Bell's declaration on the utility of steam as a marine propelling power against wind and tide, "My Lords" replied that, "after careful consideration of his proposition, they had concluded that it would be of no value in transmarine navigation." Nelson, whose progressive mind fully grasped the possibility of steam, and who happened to be present at the Board Meeting, at once declared that: "If you do not adopt Mr. Bell's scheme, other nations will, and in the end vex every vein of this Empire."

But even Nelson proved himself helpless against "Admiral Prejudice," and the Navy was to go many years before he was overthrown. The Board of Admiralty in Lord Melville's day, faced with the same proposal, said:

> "They felt it their bounden duty upon national and professional grounds to discourage to the utmost of their ability the use of steam vessels, as they considered that the introduction of steam was calculated to strike a fatal blow to the Naval supremacy of the Empire."

This amazing reply was based on the contention that we had the finest seamen in the world as the term "seaman" was understood in those days—and to sacrifice sails for steam was to relinquish our supremacy and place foreigners

on a level with ourselves. There was altogether an ingrained antipathy to steam; it was looked on with scorn, and the official *Seamanship Manual*, issued by the Admiralty between 1850–60, tells us:—

"There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that ships can be navigated on long voyages without masts and sails!"

The controversy that raged over the proposal to use iron instead of oak for the construction of ships has produced an echo to-day in that admirable play, *Milestones*, recently running at the Royalty. In this controversy both religion and prejudice were brought to bear against an invention which was looked on as rank blasphemy; Providence had given us the British Oak, the finest material in the whole world for building ships; why should we fly in her face by actually suggesting not only the sacrifice of our oak forests, but the substitution of a material which would not even float!

That the iron men of sixty to seventy years ago should be looked on as traitors to their country, blasphemers and madmen was perhaps natural. However, iron came and steam came, though masts and yards died a very hard death, for the old sailorman gloried in his smartness aloft and his ability to handle his ship under sail in all kinds of weather, and was very loth to hand over his power to an engineer down below.

From the *Comet* of 1812 to the *Indomitable* of 1908 is a long cry, but as one was the introducer of the steam engine for marine propulsion, so did the other sound its death-knell for Naval purposes, because she showed just what the modern steam engine meant to the human element.

During the past decade speed and ever more speed has been the cry of the Admiralties of the world, with the further desire to raise steam in the shortest possible time from "cold." The water tube boiler has helped in one direction, the turbine has helped in another, yet each of them was ushered into the British Navy under a flood of opposition and acrimony. To-day both are established. and in their turn are fighting the coming power—the internal combustion engine. But the internal combustion engine must come, and that very shortly, or our Naval supremacy must go.

Since the introduction of the "Dreadnought" era—the

logical and practical outcome of the Russo-Japanese War —enormously rapid strides have been made in the direction of speed, and as each "class" of ship has been launched, pæans of praise have been lavished on constructor and engineer. The man in the street has been blind to the fact that we have been running a rake's progress, that has in a few short years brought us to the end of our tether and rendered our ships of war practically uninhabitable. The *Minotaurs*, with their 23-knot speed, demanded only 27,000 horse-power to drive them; the *Indomitables*, with 26 knots, demanded 41,000 horse-power; the *Lions*, with their 28 knots, 70,000 horse-power, and it is rumoured that the horse-power of the *Tiger* will exceed six figures, with a speed of 31 knots.

But the price in horse-power is not the only one we pay for an extra couple of knots in speed. Let us take the lower deck personnel for the year 1906–7 and compare it with that of 1913–14. In the former year there was, not counting marines or coastguard, 89,351 ratings; of these 43,617 were "seaman" ratings, *i.e.*, the executive or fighting branch, 32,894 were engine-room and stokehold ratings. For the year 1913–14 the total lower deck personnel (again excluding marines and coastguard) is 102,718; of these 43,512 are "seaman" class, and 44,777 engine-room and stokehold ratings. Neither does the story end here, for every one of those 43,512 seaman ratings have to qualify in stokehold work, and whenever a ship is on speed trials, or running at any speed above the normal cruising speed, large batches of seamen are sent below to supplement the stoker element, for coal trimming and other stokehold work, because under high speeds this is so fearfully exhausting that the stokehold staff cannot carry it out unaided!

With the increase in speed comes the ever-increasing size of funnels and uptakes, encroaching on the living spaces of the men, and so we find that in the *Naval Magna Charta*,* issued annually by the petty officers, Clause 11A reads:—

"That the attention of the authorities responsible for designing His Majesty's ships be earnestly directed to the inadequate Messing and sleeping accommodation provided for Lower deck ratings."

* The full text of this document was given in the September, 1912, issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

The request, or rather complaint, is a well-founded one, but the remedy is not in the hands of those who design His Majesty's ships; they have to take as their first consideration the mobility, offensive and defensive qualities of a ship, and under present conditions the two former encroach more and more on its habitability. With the increase in uptakes and funnel casings consequent on increased speed, comes the demand for more men in the stokehold department. In addition we have all kinds of auxiliary machinery, with its ever-increasing toll upon space, and finally the central line turrets cutting through from upper deck to keel, till the ship's company of from 800 to 1,000 men are herded together in small iron boxes where there is scarce room to swing the proverbial cat, and men are obliged to breathe "potted air."

The picture is in all conscience unpleasant and sombre enough as it stands, but over it all is the indescribable horror of constant coaling. These ships of high speeds eat up coal at enormous rates, so that every ten days or so bunkers have to be replenished. Coaling ship has for some years been one of the most important evolutions in the Navy, because everyone realises that during coaling a ship is out of action and helpless. Everyone then, chaplain included, is pressed into the process, and from the moment the "evolution" starts till the last pound of coal is on board everyone is driven at the highest possible speed. To take in from 1,000 to 2,500 tons of coal under conditions such as described is one of the most exhausting processes to which human nature could be subjected: as a seaman once described it to the writer, "it is like playing football twenty-four hours on end." One wants to take part in a coal-ship day either as a seaman or stoker to appreciate all it means as an exhausting process!

On top of the coaling comes cleaning, and so far no pen has portrayed the aftermath of a coal-ship day! Coal-dust has found its way into every nook and corner of the ship, in the men's living spaces it lies an inch deep, to be converted into a filthy mud as soon as the hoses begin to play, and so hours are spent in cleaning after everyone is utterly exhausted with coaling.

At the conclusion both officers and men should be given time to recuperate, but the Navy knows no rest; if coaling

itself should end at, say, midnight, the men might be allowed to fling themselves down on the coal-dust laden decks till 4.45 a.m.; then daily routine starts and goes straight on. That is the life that the Navy is leading week in and week out, and which is very largely responsible for the discontent of which the outside world hears rumours. Men are leaving the service in ever-increasing numbers, in spite of increases of pay and other concessions, all given with the object of bringing contentment to the lower deck.

In the early part of the present year the First Lord, questioned as to the annual wastage in the personnel, declined to answer, on the ground that it was not in the public interests that the figures should be given. But what was refused directly in March was given indirectly on June 25th. Dealing with the question of manning, Dr. Macnamara told the House of Commons:—

"As to the number of men in the Fleet this year, they would have to work up to 146,000 men, which would mean an actual addition of 6,130 men. Lord C. Beresford asserted that to get that addition and to provide for wastage they would have to enter 21,000 men. He thought the number was 17,500. That figure was large, but, as far as he knew, recruiting was proceeding satisfactorily."

From which we learn that the actual wastage during 1912–13 was no less than 11,370 petty officers and men!

If that is the position in peace, what will be the position of the British Navy in war? As the predominant force it will be our task to take the offensive: to search out the enemy and drive him off the sea. Day and night ships will be on the move, day and night men will be standing by the guns. At frequent intervals they must leave the squadrons to which they are attached, either singly or in pairs, and proceed to their base to fill up with coal, a process which will be speeded up by every move known to the Admiral in command of a squadron and the C.O. in charge of each particular ship. Coaling over, back they will speed to join their respective fleets, carrying out the cleaning *en route*. It is not so much a question as to how long men will stand it, but how long can they stand it? The enemy, acting on the defensive, would be reserving his strength till the exhaustion of our men gave him his opportunity, when it might well be that, in spite of a material superiority, our Navy would crumple up like a pack of cards.

That the Admiralty are fully aware of the danger of a

coal-driven Navy is shown by the appointment of the Royal Commission on Fuel and Engines already referred to; that critics of the Admiralty are not equally alive to the danger is shown by the revival, and bitter revival, of all the old arguments and all the old prophecies of what was likely to happen if we sacrificed our oak forests for iron. "In our Welsh coalfields we have the finest steam coal in the world, and it is flying in the face of Providence to sacrifice this and place ourselves at the mercy of the foreigners by adopting oil, every gallon of which has to be brought to these shores from across the sea."

These arguments are potent and convincing to the man in the street, who knows nothing of the real qualities of Welsh coal or the conditions precedent to its reaching the bunkers of a ship of war. The calorific and thermal qualities of Welsh steam coal are of such an evanescent nature that rapid deterioration sets in from the moment it leaves the pit's mouth; thus it is impossible for us to lay up any great reserve at either our home or foreign coaling stations. Further, before it can reach these stations it must be loaded into the holds of colliers and be seaborne to its destination; therefore, a very fair proportion of the Navy's war needs in the shape of coal is always floating about. That point once grasped, it is immediately seen that if the objection to oil is that it must cross the sea to reach us, then the objection applies, not with equal, but with greater force to coal, because, while it is a practical impossibility to coal at sea, "oiling" at sea is a very simple task, as all that has to be done is to take the tanker in tow, pass along a hose, when the work of transference of the oil from the tankers to a ship of war is automatically carried out by a pump.

It is not, however, on the *material* advantages of oil that this article wishes to dwell; hundreds of writers will doubtless come forward to do that; it is the revolution it will bring to the conditions of life of the personnel.

At the moment, while there is no difficulty in getting recruits for the Navy, it is becoming more and more difficult to induce men to remain after the first period of engagement has expired; this is due entirely to the prevailing conditions of life on board the modern ship of war; the more modern the ship, the more uncomfortable the con-

ditions. This is entirely due to the steam engine. With every increase in speed there must come :—

(*a*) An increase in the space taken up by the engines.

(*b*) An increase in the stoker element.

(*c*) An increase in the amount of coaling done.

(*d*) An increased curtailment in the living spaces of the men.

So that each type of ship tends to become more uninhabitable than the last, while the strain of continuous coaling, followed by the harassing "clean ship" after the coaling is completed, imposes conditions on the men which they are less and less inclined to accept.

How will oil relieve the situation, *i.e.*, when used in conjunction with the internal combustion engine?

In the first place, the fearfully exhausting operation of coaling, with all its consequent filth, would disappear (and it must not be lost sight of that during this period our ship is out of action and entirely helpless). In the second place, funnels and uptakes would go, thus throwing open great living spaces for the men; thirdly, the ship's company of the internal combustion ship would be not more than one-half of the coal-driven ship.

Outside the fact that it has to "come from abroad," one of the objections to oil is its cost. Have those who raise that objection considered the matter? It has been stated over and over again that oil reduces expenditure 70 per cent., or, in other words, that one ton of oil used with the internal combustion engine will do what four tons of coal is required to do with a steam engine; therefore, if oil is four times the price of coal per ton, the actual cost to the nation for energy developed remains the same.

But the question of personnel is infinitely more important than the question of cost; even if that would be raised instead of lowered, as it really would be. Let anyone who feels any interest in this subject pay a visit to our Naval bases, where liberty men are landing, and note the preponderance of white-faced, weedy-looking youths amongst them—the product of the modern steam engine! It has been claimed that the internal combustion engine would bring about a reduction of from 50 to 70 per cent. in the personnel, and our wages bill for 1913–14 stands at £8,399,200!

Let us summarise the situation as we might expect to find it in war: (*a*) with the steam engine, (*b*) with the internal combustion engine.

The country is at war, and our Navy is blockading the enemy's coast. Eternal vigilance is necessary, and night after night men have to lie down by their guns, always on the *qui vive* for a call; refreshing sleep, therefore, becomes an impossibility.

Right throughout the operations a percentage of the fleet must be away coaling, thus forcing us to maintain a greater number of ships than we should need, were it not for that absence. From the time such ships leave the fleet until their return, everything is at its very highest pressure. Full speed to the coaling base, which will necessitate a portion of the deck hands (seamen) being sent below to trim coal; coaling immediately the ship reaches its base: a process speeded up by every means known to a C.O. Immediately the last ton is on board up anchor, full speed back to join the fleet, conducting cleaning operations during the passage; then on joining the fleet the eternal round of vigilance, excursions, and alarms. How long would the most perfectly trained human stand that strain? And a very large percentage of our personnel are weedy youths!

The enemy is lying smugly in his harbour, waiting till physical exhaustion has done its work before he ventures forth to accept the gage of battle.

With the internal combustion engine there would be no necessity for a single ship to leave the scene of operation, for oiling could not only be done at sea without in any way interfering with the comfort of the ship's company, but the ship would remain ready for action at a moment's notice, the unscrewing of a nozzle terminating oiling. That, however, is a material advantage, and with those we need not deal here. The point necessary to emphasise here is that the steam warship has become more and more trying for the personnel, and if we continue to proceed on the same lines, we are within measurable distance of the time when we shall have to man our modern ships with convicts, for no man will voluntarily elect to face the grinding discomfort of the coal-driven ship of war.

The Taboos of the British Museum Library

By E. S. P. Haynes

THE Library and Reading-room of the British Museum form an institution of which the British public is not a little proud; and indeed, fifty years ago, when the huge and wonderfully well-appointed libraries of the United States had not yet sprung up, and the great foreign libraries of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Rome, St. Petersburg, and so forth, were less known and less accessible than they are to-day, we might well have considered our institution to be far the foremost of its kind in the world.

There seems, however, now to be some danger—owing to its methods not advancing with the times—of our National Library failing to hold its unique position of usefulness. There may be more than one respect in which this is true, but in the present article I wish especially to draw attention to the following.

I think it is perhaps not generally realised that there are numerous books belonging to the British Museum Library, and in some sense on its shelves, which are absolutely not mentioned in any way in the general catalogue, and are practically inaccessible to the public. If this were only true of a certain few publications, small in quantity and trivial in character, it would be a matter not unintelligible; but when we learn that the number of such books is very large, that they cover a variety of subjects, and include serious and important works of modern science, we cannot but pause and ask on what general grounds and under what particular system these selections are made, of books which the public may or may *not* be permitted to read.

It appears that there are three general classes of books which are liable to be thus buried in what is called the

Private Case. These are books (1) subversive of the Throne, (2) subversive of Religion, (3) of an improper or obscene character. It is clear that these three classes between them *may* form a very wide-spreading net; and it is not denied by the authorities that the number of books so barred is very large. Probably this system began at an early period, and having once been adopted it naturally has grown and grown, till it has ultimately led to situations difficult for the officials themselves to defend, or for the public to approve.

It has led, for instance, to this sort of result: that a book like Dr. Havelock Ellis's *Psychology of Sex*—a monumental and most important work in six volumes on all phases of the sexual question—is simply not accessible, and is not even mentioned in the catalogue. Whether it exists in the corridors and corners of the Library I do not know; but I have good authority for saying that it was *offered* to the Keeper of Printed Books not long ago on condition that it should be rendered accessible, and the reply was that the six volumes would be accepted, but would not be placed in the catalogue. They were consequently not sent. When one considers that this book is known all over Europe and America—one may say all over the world—as perhaps the best and most reliable work on the important topics with which it deals; and that in a few years it will be regarded as a classic treatise and authority on sex problems generally, it becomes obvious that the Library, by ignoring the very existence of the book, is placing itself in a most dubious position.

To turn to another class of work, such volumes as Mr. G. W. Foote's "Illustrated Bible" or Léo Taxil's "La Bible Amusante" may certainly appear improper and scandalous to some folk; but then by others they are regarded as healthy reactions or protests against superstition; and one does not quite see why a great library should take sides in a controversy of that kind, and simply bury the books without even an epitaph of any kind to mark their graves.

These considerations apply even more forcibly to the elimination of pictures of indecent objects found at Pompeii, of a valuable book about Greek folklore (1)*, of

* *κρυπτάδια.*

miscellaneous volumes vaguely classified as "rubbish," and of satirical or free-spoken works of historical interest about the Royal Family.

In the case of Mr. Edward Carpenter's "Intermediate Sex," its non-appearance in the catalogue, even three or four years after publication, seemed indeed hard to explain; for the book—written in a quiet and inoffensive style with a special view to the needs of schools and educational authorities—had been favourably reviewed in various educational and medical journals, and had been placed in the general catalogues of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the Cambridge University Library, and of one or two Free Public Libraries in our provincial towns. Thinking the matter was possibly an oversight, Mr. Carpenter wrote to the late Keeper of Printed Books in that spirit and to make the inquiry; but only received in reply the following exceedingly oracular answer: "Dear Sir,—As the above book is only available upon special application it has not been entered in the catalogue."

Naturally this led to further inquiries—as to why this or other books were reserved for "Special application," what were the conditions and method of special application, and so forth, to all which inquiries the answers seemed to grow more oracular and unfruitful as time went on. And in the end—although the correspondence ran to some half-dozen letters on each side—Mr. Carpenter is to this day left in the dark, and has received no information either as to the nature of that "Special application" which was so readily cited in the first letter, or as to the reason why the book should be made subject to it.

Perhaps, however—and in order to show that the question at issue ranges far beyond any particular volume of any particular author—I may quote the three last letters of the correspondence, especially also as they throw indirectly a good deal of light on the situation. The first of these is from the then Keeper of Printed Books, and runs (15th July, 1912): "Dear Sir,—In your letter of the 12th July, referring to Books which are not entered in the catalogue, you ask me whether there are any printed instructions issued, and available for public use, by which the public may know of the existence of such books, and of the conditions under which they may

be consulted. My reply to your question is that there are no printed instructions relating to such books."

The second letter is from Mr. Carpenter, saying (23rd July): "Dear Sir,—I am obliged for your letter of the 15th inst. I gather from it and the former correspondence that my book and a large number of other serious works on various subjects are not entered in the general catalogue, but are to be had 'upon special application.' May I now ask what the procedure of 'special application' is, and how the public may obtain information as to what books can be consulted in that way?"

The third letter is a reply to this, and runs (24th July): "Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23rd July. The question which you ask has, I think, been sufficiently answered in my former letters, to which I have no further information to add."

Passing over the strange fact that the question (as I have already explained) had *not* been answered in former letters, I submit that the general attitude is hardly correct for a great National Library to adopt towards the public, "for whose use" (by the Copyright Act) it was founded, and who (out of the public funds) pay for it, nor towards an author who makes a perfectly genuine inquiry about his book, of which his publisher is legally compelled to send a copy to the Library. Oddly enough, the book has within the last few months been included in the catalogue.

The situation—as gathered from the above correspondence and other sources—seems to be something like this:

(1) There is a "private department," into which a large number of books are placed principally on the three general counts mentioned above: subversiveness of the Throne, of Religion, or of Propriety.

(2) Out of all the books which might come under these heads, only *some*, of course, are condemned, and there seems to be no very definite principle of selection; but the custom of predecessors is largely referred to.

(3) Such books as are so buried disappear entirely from the general catalogue, and no hint remains of their existence, for though there *is* probably a catalogue of "The Private Case," it is not accessible to the public.

(4) Such books may be had on "special application," but as there are no printed instructions as to how or where

to apply, or as to *what* books can be applied for, this permission seems to be of singularly little use.

(5) Inquiries by the public are met in the way above indicated.

Now this whole state of affairs is, to say the least, unsatisfactory—especially this general policy of obscurantism and non-information of the public. If the readers at the Museum were mere children or hooligans, the policy might be justifiable, but it must be remembered that they are neither the one nor the other. They are required, in every case, to be of adult age, and to be recommended and certified by some responsible person. For the most part they are quite genuine students, hailing from all parts of the world. It can hardly be the object of the authorities to *limit* and *curtail* the serious studies of such people. Yet this is what is actually being done; and it is hardly too much to say that the reputation of our National Library is suffering in consequence.

It has to be pointed out that—apart from the question whether every book should necessarily be made accessible to the public—the mere obliteration of the name of a book from the catalogue is a very serious and responsible step to take. For obviously the catalogue alone constitutes a large part of the value of any library. A student or author who is working up a subject may not want to read *every* book on the subject, but he certainly wants to know *what* books upon it there are in existence. To prevent him knowing even that is a strange step to take!

A book may indeed be a very wicked and naughty book. It may, for instance, contain rude and even vulgar gibes at the Almighty; and it is conceivable that a Keeper of Books might not be able to reconcile his conscience to the thought of placing such a book in a reader's hands; but to refuse even to let the latter know that there *is* such a book (lest he should obtain it elsewhere) does indeed argue a superhuman anxiety for his eternal welfare. This policy of absolutely ignoring a vast mass of literature—much of it quite serious and scientific—seems a ruinous policy, and one which in the long run may prove suicidal. Students will tend to go elsewhere.

One of the quaint consequences of the present system at the British Museum—and one which is by no means

complimentary to the average Briton—is the fact (which a casual inspection of the catalogue will verify) that some German and other works, original or translated, are admitted, while the English translations or originals of the *same* works are barred! What the exact and proper interpretation of this curious fact may be it would probably be hard to say; but on its face it suggests that if you are German or a foreigner generally you will be able to read these things without moral injury; but if you are an ordinary Briton you must certainly be defended from them —a suggestion not very complimentary, as I say, to the latter. There may, however, be another interpretation, more subtle and more patriotic in character, namely, that the meaning is: If you are a German you may go to perdition, but if an Englishman, it is our duty to save you! I find anyhow that, as a matter of fact, many Museum readers regard the differential treatment simply as a slur cast upon themselves—as much as to say: "You are children, and not allowed to read books open to foreigners."

It would be unfair to pass the above criticisms without pointing out and making allowance for the difficulties or supposed difficulties of the situation. These, on the whole, are summed up in the old and ever-recurring query: "Where to draw the line?" If some books are to be made accessible, and others not, *where* is the line to be drawn? Well, the difficulty exists now; the line has to be drawn, and is drawn, even as things are. And at present it is obvious from a glance at the catalogue that the matter is already almost the despair of officials. The strangest anomalies occur. Religious and other improprieties are freely admitted in the case of one volume, and severely repressed in the case of another. The Bible itself is a well-known example of the impossibility of "sorting out." "Curious" publications in German or Spanish have their due recognition, while much milder books in English are treated as unknown or non-existent; and so on. Probably, as indicated in the course of the above-quoted correspondence, the "custom of predecessors" dating from Early Victorian times has been the ruling principle in this matter of selection; and naturally enough, coming down into the whirl of modern times, this canon has lost its

general applicability, and become much confused and quite uncertain of itself.

Many of us think—in consideration of the wide (and on the whole wholesome) freedom of discussion which now generally prevails, in consideration, too, of the restrictions and conditions already existing with regard to Museum readers—that the wisest and by far the simplest plan would be to draw no line at all. This would save the officials themselves from endless heart-searchings; it would mitigate the maledictions and despair of baffled students; and it would deliver those in charge from the serious present responsibility of causing many folk to continue indefinitely circling round and hankering after things not very gracious or satisfying in themselves, but simply made attractive by refusal. But if, as is probable, so logical a course be not adopted, then we should still say that *every* book which the Library possesses should be entered in the catalogue for the simple reason already given that, for the student, the mere knowledge of *what* books have been written on his subject is often most important or even absolutely necessary.

Granted, then, so much—that every book is entered in the catalogue—the further question of accessibility to readers, or degree of accessibility, would remain. But that, after all, need not give much trouble. For the answer to it, I cannot help thinking, should be based on purely *practical* grounds. Theoretical grounds there may no doubt be for making one book accessible and another not, but as the theories of men on such subjects are many and various and often conflicting, and as, moreover, they vary, one may almost say, from year to year, it is obvious that every course of action founded on them must soon become hopelessly confused and unsatisfactory, whereas, on the contrary, the practical grounds are perfectly clear and definite.

I am aware that practically it is quite necessary to place restrictions upon the consultation of valuable works; and though readers are not barred from access to these, yet, owing to the dangers of defacement, theft, abstraction of plates or portions, such works have to be consulted in a room set apart for the purpose. In the case of *some* such books as we are now considering, it is well known that like

dangers of defacement, excessive use, or abstraction occur. There are some books which (without being "valuable") prove so inordinately attractive to readers, or perhaps excite their animadversion so violently, that the latter cannot keep their hands off them; and it would be a simple practical system to ordain that *some* books which *experience* showed to be liable to these dangers should be consulted under restrictions similar to those for valuable books. (I italicise the words *some* and *experience* so as to preclude any sweeping and wholesale action in the matter.)

This test of the conditions of accessibility would be simple and practical, and would have the inestimable advantage of barring out any merely theoretical selection. And making use of it, it would perhaps be possible to allow *every* book not only to be entered in the catalogue, but to be made accessible in some degree or other.

However, as outsiders, it is not within the province or the power of some of us to say absolutely what is the most feasible course to adopt. Rather it is our business to make clear how anomalous and unworkable, and how little to the public credit, the present system is; and to propound as a question to those who are competent to give an answer, "How shall it be reformed?" I have received an authoritative report of the procedure adopted at the Library Congress in Washington, which certainly seems superior to the procedure at the British Museum. It is as follows:—

"(i.) The Library of Congress makes at least an *author*-entry for *every* book taken into its collections, no matter what its character is.

"This entry shows author, title, imprint, and collation, together with any other *bibliographical* facts needed to fully describe the book as a *product of the printing-press*.

"(ii.) In general, these entries are *printed* on catalogue *cards* for its own public catalogue and subsidiary catalogues; the printed cards are also sent out to about thirty depositary catalogues showing the contents of the Library of Congress, which are maintained in the thirty most important library centres of the several States. The cards are also sold to other libraries desiring to use them to catalogue their own collections.

"Such cards have been printed and distributed for Mr. Carpenter's 'Intermediate Sex' and 'Unknown People,' in addition to the rest of his works; also for the books on sex by Havelock Ellis, Forel, and various German writers.

"(iii.) It was formerly the practice also to make an entry in the public catalogue under *subject* for all books added. But it was found that the subject cards under various sex headings became so dirty from constant handling by readers that they required to be replaced. It was then decided that these particular *subject* cards should be withdrawn from the public catalogue, leaving the 'author' entries only to show that the library had the books. The subject entries for such subjects are now made only in the *official* catalogue, which is maintained in the catalogue division accessible to the library staff, but not to the general public.

"The Library of Congress is an open reference library, *i.e.*, any person over sixteen is entitled to call for books to read in the reading rooms without any introduction or card of any kind. Consequently its readers are more miscellaneous than at the British Museum, and many of them are young boys and girls.

"*Erotica* and many of the books relating to sex questions are segregated and locked up with the rare books. This is done for two reasons:—

"(1) So that their use by readers may be regulated; but no definite rule has been laid down as to who may read them. It is left to the discretion of the superintendent of the reading room and his two chief assistants, who alone have keys to the 'office.'

"Probably they would always be refused to young persons, and women readers have sometimes been advised as to their character before the books are brought. But no serious investigator, male or female, is refused the use of any material in the collections, however obscene it may be. Furthermore, information as to what the library contains on any subject or in any class of literature will always be given fully to any serious reader.

"If, however, the books of this kind contain illustrations, a watchman is instructed to keep an eye on the reader to prevent mutilation of the books. There are many persons

who have a kleptomania for pictures and objects connected with sex in any way.

"The medical treatises on obstetrics and gynecology and venereal diseases have to be watched in this way also.

"(2) The other reason for keeping these books locked up away from the main collection is in the interest of the morals of the numerous young boys round the library such as messengers and stack attendants who bring the books from the shelves to the carrier in answer to calls at the delivery desk. It was found that books on these sex subjects were often missing, and on search being made they were found hidden away in some corner out of place or in the attendant's desk, having been surreptitiously abstracted for reading on the quiet. The boys would pass them round to one another when they happened to run across anything particularly interesting in this line.

"Books in foreign languages without illustrations are generally left on the shelves (unless they are rare), because the difficulty of reading them generally protects them sufficiently.

"Of course, many of the *erotica* are rare and costly, and would be locked away on that ground anyhow."

With the above exception the example of other libraries is not very useful, for it is exceedingly difficult to ascertain by correspondence what their rules are, nor are such rules usually formulated in writing. Moreover, in most cases there is no question of receiving books by operation of the law *gratis* from the publisher, but only the question of what books should be bought.

There is, of course, the well-known case of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, in which, during the early days of Hume's librarianship, two horrified curators found on the 27th June, 1754, that "Les Contes de la Fontaine," "L'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules," and "L'Ecumoire" had been recently bought. The curators ordered the volumes to be "removed from the shelves and struck out of the catalogue as indecent books unworthy of a place in a learned library." On this one of Hume's biographers remarks: "A public library purged of every book of which any portion might offend the taste of a well regulated mind of the present day, would unfortunately be

very barren in the most brilliant departments of the literature of other days and other languages." The books in question have long since been replaced.

The Free Town Libraries in New Brunswick in 1853 excluded any "books of a licentious, vicious, or immoral tendency or hostile to the Christian religion."

Now the main principle underlying such prohibitions is the assumption

(1) That intellectual curiosity is sinful in itself when directed to certain subjects like religion and sex, and that knowledge of sex facts in particular is therefore to be discouraged in every possible way.

(2) That any form of sexual perversion is a crime which must not even be discussed.

1. The first principle is really no more than an ecclesiastical claim to regulate all sexual matters. If so-called indecency is to be the standard invoked, Sanchez's treatise *de Matrimonio*, compiled for the use of confessors, is the most indecent book in the world. But Catholics at least provide instruction for the faithful, whereas I remember a friend of mine at Eton being admonished in a final discourse preliminary to confirmation as follows: "And if you have any curiosity about forbidden things, remember that it must be stifled and not encouraged."

2. A whole body of literature exists in Germany on sexual perversion. Such literature in English is, for the most part, excluded from the British Museum catalogue. It is perhaps the one subject on which judges and schoolmasters most need instruction, and considering that sexual perversion is a crime in this country, and that juries have to hear the trial of perverts, scientific works on the subject should certainly be accessible to the student. Why should students be denied by the British Museum all chance of understanding the causes and the psychology of a human phenomenon, which from every point of view certainly demands most serious consideration and attention?

As regards blasphemy and the history of the Royal Family, blasphemous books are, as a rule, very dull without the glamour of prohibition, and nothing can be more disloyal than to suggest by concealment that the remote scandals of the Royal Family are worse than those of any other family.

There is no need to labour all these points. The trustees of the British Museum are enlightened scholars and men of the world, probably quite ignorant of these regulations, and they will no doubt reform them when they realise that public opinion is far in advance of the principles embodied in these unreasonable taboos. The claims of the Catholic Church to monopolise sexual instruction do not justify the British Museum in suppressing knowledge of subjects, the common ignorance of which leads to many unhappy marriages and the frequent transmission of venereal diseases to innocent persons.

Albert Hall Revolutions

By the Editor

THE Albert Hall, whatever architects may say to the contrary, unquestionably plays a useful part in our Public Life, not the least important of which, apart from the facilities it provides for costume balls and processions and hearing a little good music on Sunday afternoons, is its now recognised function as the theatre of revolutions. In this capacity, as the ventilation chamber of passion and discontent, it fulfils a national and important purpose. Now the politicians have it, "Joe," Mr. Balfour, Lloyd George, or the women; sometimes the dingy old lumbering place rings with frantic cheers for capitalism and the Tory Squirearchy, at others for the "little loaf" or the "half sheet of note-paper," and again the women shriek themselves hoarse from every seat in the building, and at times the Socialists use it, and then the lady stewards flit about in neat-fitting dresses charmingly set off by bright red caps after the model of those worn by the *tricoteuses* in the days of the French Revolution.

The revolutions that have been started within its walls during the last ten years are too many even to remember; moreover, nobody cares to remember them. As often as not, when the "Great Meeting" is over, so is the revolution; the next evening we are dancing there till the grey of morning. But if its revolutions are transitory, the Hall itself remains unchanged: gloomy, lonely, genteel, the symbol of Victorian respectability. The organ is still its principal feature, warden of Handel and the oratorio, and no matter what blood-curdling shouts are raised, from "The Lord of Hosts" to "Votes for Women," its great pipes bless all gatherings alike with the unction of Cathedral propriety. Though it is "impossible" from the point of view of oratory, and the only speaker who has ever succeeded in "speaking" there, as distinct from bel-

lowing, is Christabel Pankhurst, it has never occurred, even to the more American of our politicians, to use a megaphone. The Conservative Albert Hall is still the most respectable of all our theatres. You may not smoke. You can get nothing to drink, it is the worst-lighted place of entertainment in Europe.

Light is indispensable to good cheer and leading, as the theatres and all people in any way connected with the business of "wine, women, and song" are well aware. And here we have the secret of the Albert Hall's success. In that cold, clammy dreariness of space a man without tobacco or the chance of a "wet" can never attain to the blood-pressure of revolution. He peers anxiously into the penumbra. He strains his ears to catch an echo of the last sentence. He looks round and sees his neighbours and all about him sitting there mute and rigid, like a convocation at a Quakers' meeting. The opsonic index is normal. And when the time comes to stand up and sing, the rhythm is of the *Messiah*, whatever words go up to heaven as the *Marseillaise*.

That is where the Albert Hall fulfils its supreme mission. You cannot sing the *Marseillaise* to the organ. You can sing it to any other instrument—I have heard Russians sing it thrillingly to a Balalaika—you can sing it best, perhaps, without music, as the German Socialists do at their Congresses, six hundred voices to a man, with the ferocious call at the end for the social revolution; but you simply cannot get the blood spirit up with an organ. The thing is fantastic. In the middle of it, Landon Ronald seems to be conducting "I know that my Redeemer liveth." You think of cloisters, angels, seraphim, stoles, censers, crucifixes, symbols of Marian song. You cannot, you really cannot, go out and break open your oppressor's head, or even, if you have any artistic enthusiasm, get together enough firelighters and paraffin to burn down the Albert Memorial. The gloom, the cold, the darkness, finally the organ, send you forth a sober and perfectly sane man in need of a hot drink and supper. You have been a party merely to another of the Albert Hall's twilight revolutions.

ALBERT HALL REVOLUTIONS

I tried it again the other day, at the great Larkin demonstration in support of the Dublin strikers. In many ways it was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. To begin with, there was Larkin; the question itself was "revolutionary," and anticipation ran high. To be sure the Hall was full, but not so full as at some of the militant meetings, and on the platform they were men of action—Hyndman, the veteran, who has always been a real man, and received an ovation; Cunninghame Graham, another real man, with his Arab beauty, more stentorian than any of them; Lansbury in the chair; Ben Tillett, with his mob eloquence, many others, an American, who made the best speech of the evening, and—Jim Larkin, a tall, gaunt, long-limbed figure who uses his hands like a boxer. It was a genuine meeting of earnest men and women, successful and significant—significant if only on account of its absentees.

Parliamentary Labour was conspicuously absent. No Ramsay Macdonald. No Keir Hardie. No John Burns. No Lady Warwick. No Bernard Shaw. No eugenists, no Fabians, not even one of the Sidney Webbs. Mr. Appleton sent a telegram of regret. It was a real Social Democratic, Marxian gathering, the most collective and impressive that has ever been held in this country. There were many women and many sight-seers, certainly not many so-called working-men. Thanks to the raid of the students, some of whom got "chucked out" in very rough fashion, a spirit of "jumpiness" got into the meeting, which thus acquired the afflatus needful. But there was the organ, the gloom, and the twilight of the Albert Hall. Larkin, on show, had no chances as a speaker, as nobody there ever does have. All the speakers could do was to shout. They shouted; the people shouted back to them. Otherwise, well, we know what public speaking means in such conditions, repetition, over-emphasis, tags. After it was all over and the few stains of students' blood had been wiped off the floor of the corridors, the Albert Hall looked as respectable and round as ever, save for a couple of milk teeth left behind for the charwoman.

All the same, blood, a Tappertitian revolution. Though Jim Larkin could do nothing with the Albert Hall, his

presence there on the platform is an event in the public life. He stood there as the harbinger of a new labour policy which, now that it has been inaugurated, is not likely to go back. It is the policy of action. The spirit of the times is with it. As the women have succeeded in setting up a kind of reserve of sex anarchy and outlawry—Miss Pankhurst now goes about with a bludgeoned escort—so the conditions themselves have become anarchic. As man, too, follows woman, so women have invariably stood in the van of revolutionary movements. The Carson policy in Ulster is obviously derivative from the women's example, and prompted by the same principles. Force breeds force, as the wind stirs the waves. In Ireland, for example, the situation has become little short of farcical.

The whole of Ulster is arming, preparing to resist the law of England, sanctioned by Parliament and the Crown, by force of arms. But in Dublin the transport workers, who are Home Rulers, are imprisoned by the Government and treated with gross violence because they came out on strike for a wage of bare subsistence. As Ben Tillett put it: "The Church makes an awful fuss because a French comedienne powders her legs on the stage, but never says anything about the thousands of women in Dublin who haven't enough money even to dress their legs." And all the time, the politicians have been missing the point. Mr. Birrell, Mr. Redmond apparently ignored this Dublin strike, as they have ignored the Ulster armaments. Why Ulster should have *carte blanche* to stir up rebellion, and the poor of Dublin be hounded into gaol because they are seeking to improve their economic position is not a logical act on the part of the Government, and certainly it is not politic. In reality, this Dublin strike trouble is far more urgent and potentially serious in the world of labour than is the question of Home Rule, and that the Government should be so preoccupied as not to see it is matter both of regret and wonder.

Hitherto we have only played with Socialism in this country, for reasons peculiar to our idiosyncrasy. Snobbery, individualism, Feudal tradition and custom, the

absence of oppression and militarism, and our national hatred of theory, system, idea and innovation have kept the doctrine of Continental Socialism to all practical purposes out of the country. We have our drawing-room, Fabian, and Golders Green Socialists, but each one throws down a bit of Marx, as Bernard Shaw rejects the materialistic conception of history, and an intellectual, like Belfort Bax, is the violent opponent of woman's suffrage, which forms part of the International Revolutionary programme. Without an organ, discipline, class consciousness or oppression, true Socialism has not flourished here; but gradually things are changing. The women have given courage to the physical-force men. In the *Daily Herald* the Socialists have the beginnings of a newspaper which conceivably may even rival the *Vorwärts* of Berlin. Then Labour in Parliament has failed. Even in the Unions the leaders are becoming more and more suspect. In all ranks of the working classes there reigns a spirit of dissatisfaction.

Whether a strong fighting Social Democracy will emerge as one of the many forces shaping in the new conditions it would be idle to predict. All revolutions are made and led by men of education, which is precisely the condition lacking in this country. Our own revolution was made by the Conservative gentlemen of the country, as the encyclopædists and the lawyers made the French Revolution. The European movement of '48 was the revolt of Liberal schoolmen. Marx, Lassalle, Engels, the founders of European Social Democracy, were all intellectuals of the *bourgeoisie*, all three Jews, who as a race have played a singularly prominent part in the Socialist theory and propaganda. In Germany most of the leaders and writers of Socialism are University men, the most conspicuous exception being Bebel, who was a wheelwright. In France and Belgium it is the same. Here it is characteristically the reverse. Labour in the House remained just Labour, and failed in consequence. The young talent of England does not go over to Socialism. Compared with Germany, the Socialism of this country is inchoate, rudimentary. Our students, when they hear there is a serious meeting of Socialists convened to consider the starvation wage-earning conditions of Dublin, break into the Hall with

sticks, as if the whole affair was a lark. Their action is a curious commentary on the intellectual atmosphere of the schools, though probably most of them have read something of Mill, Ruskin, Spencer, Ricardo, and thought them not such bad chaps either. But there it is—the "Brown Dog" rag again, while Jim Larkin stood up and told ten thousand Englishmen of the many women in Dublin who were compelled to live on a wage of four shillings a week.

Then there are the working classes themselves. Apart from any party political consideration, the example of the Reading bye-election is suggestive. We hear of Socialism, and there in the industrial town of Reading the wage-earners elect a Tory captain, who, by interest, education, principle, and predilection necessarily stands for Capital. Interest for interest, the thing is hardly intelligible. The Insurance Act, the agents will tell you, and very likely they are right. The Insurance Act, copied from the German Laws, heralded throughout Europe as the greatest piece of Socialistic legislation ever passed, and actually so acclaimed by official Socialism! British paradox can hardly go further. No use taking Marx to Reading, no use there for Jim Larkin. And when one considers these two things together, the young intellectuals breaking into the Albert Hall, and young proletarian Reading turning down Liberal and Socialist candidate alike, it is difficult to believe that Socialism, as a force, is likely to grow out of its infancy in a country where politics are still largely governed by an imaginary formula known as the pendulum. It has often been noticed that England and China have many features in common. When a Chinaman wants to avenge himself for a bitter wrong, he disembowels himself on his enemy's doorstep. Perhaps those men who make such nice cakes and biscuits thought that by electing a Tory they were best serving the interests of Democracy.

Such, at any rate, are the sort of difficulties any demagogue of the type of Larkin will have to contend with over here. The Garden City may support him, but academic individualism assuredly will not. He will find the leaders jealous and suspicious of one another, and the

workers suspicious of the whole lot. He will find an utter aversion to disciplinary control, system or organisation, a snobbery which precludes all idea of class warfare or class consciousness, and he will find the *vox humana* of the Albert Hall. Pitted against the nimble wit and logic of the lawyers in Parliament, what can men accustomed to harangue open-air meetings hope to achieve there? Not much, as events during the last years have shown. Without a newspaper ably written by trained literary skill, our Socialism can hardly be described as articulate. Oratory is not an English attainment, and until men arise who can speak to the people with the same knowledge, power, and magnetism of leaders such as Jaurès or Bebel, we are not likely to see wicked capitalists hanging by a rope on the lamp-posts in Piccadilly. At the most, there is Madame Tussaud's, a museum which we keep for some purpose. Better an effigy in wax than only an inscription on a marble slab. But further than that, into Parliament Yard, like the women; into Ministerial Office, like "honest John"; into the "libraries" of the comfort-loving, cinematographised *bourgeoisie*, like Santa Claus—into these high places theoretic fighting Socialism has as little hope yet of penetrating as have the Tories, when they come into power, of repudiating the Parliament Act.

The significance of Larkin at the Albert Hall was not the man—his cause would have been stronger had he been retained in gaol—but the fact of his release and the still greater fact that London has at last got what may be called a Labour Press. It is true it is curiously young. In comparison with the brilliant writing, the statesmanlike view of affairs and foreign politics of the German *Vorwärts* or the Viennese *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, under the direction of Dr. Adler, the "new force" is a very Benjamin of dynamics, and this though Mr. Hilaire Belloc is writing a little series in the proletarian *Daily Herald*. In Germany, of course, only writers who belong actively to the Party are allowed to write; nor do Socialist papers accept capitalist advertisements; and then the staffs are composed of some of the finest literary talent of the schools. So long, however, as our working classes read the "capitalist" Press, and the

"Labour" Press is open to "punters," Larkin and men of his stamp will not stand a dog's chance in this island. Discontented! The face of London to-day is frivolity. The prodigious circulations of the capitalist Press, daily, Sunday, and weekly, afford irrefutable proof that the million or so of wage-earners in the capital are no more revolutionary inclined than are the anachronistic Beef-eaters at the Tower of London. The modern craze for sensation, too, is all against any serious propaganda of a theory. Larkin came to London as "good copy." For a few hours he was the "Hitchy-Koo" of the Press, as Crippen was, or the curate who ran off with a married woman, or the airman who has performed the latest "loop," as may be a song, a dance, a political tag, a murder, a new skirt, an actress's marriage, or any other "story" that some ingenious journalist has worked up to satisfy the demand. To Larkin's appeal for action the Trade Unions of England impose a three weeks' delay for deliberation. An ominous period, fatal, as we may remember, even for lovers

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The Ragtime attitude is no mere excrescence, it is as symptomatic of the life as was the respectability of the old silk hat, and with the times it is democratic. It reflects the spirit of amateurishness which is the keynote of the day. Everything is a rag. The serious man or book is a "nuisance." The fact is we are not really in earnest. It is not good form to be in earnest. It is not even the tradition. That is why the Irish, the Welsh, the women, who are in earnest, are able to superimpose their wills upon the old country, and will continue to do so. Our Press, our theatres, the cinema, the popularisation of thrills and frills, the commercialisation of art and the absence of criticism—these things reflect the spirit of invertebrate England accurately enough, and the best proof is the success of them. A city of six millions which refuses to see any play, however powerful or artistic, which may be vetoed "gloomy," is obviously not in the mood to suffer material disabilities for causes which are even more gloomy because they happen to be real. An enormous working-class population which does not maintain and read its own Press is not likely to band itself together, like the women, and die for a principle at

the Derby—not so long as there are sweepstakes. As a fact, Larkin has changed nothing in our political life, though he has accentuated its multiple discrepancies. He came, he saw, and he has gone. He found a nation of Sidneys with their Saturday Football "specials," "all the winners," and the vicar's slander suit, and the grand funereal circumstance of the Albert Hall. He left them unruffled. Still, the word was in the beginning, and the biggest things are sometimes born of the smallest projections. What remains is the foundation of a Socialist Press. And that is an innovation which, if it does not lead to revolution, may yet lead to reform which may be revolutionary enough in its manifestations.

Biblia Pauperum

If chaos is a sign of progress, then we in England who visit the Playhouse for the purpose of deceiving ourselves, and of being pleasantly deceived, ought to be contented enough.

"An Englishman," that fine old crusty Tory, finds this caterwauling about legs too much even for his Conservatism. "By Macaulay and his punctuation, I'll put a stop to it," he swears; but he quite forgets the other Englishmen, the Press which invariably writes up any nonsense put on the stage as musical comedy and as invariably belittles any intellectual effort, and that great British institution—Humbug with her nursery apron and her kill-joy forefinger: "Naughty, naughty."

Let a lady powder her legs on the stage (though practically every woman in the boxes, stalls and circles is powdered all over the face, neck and bosom, many of them greased, some of them painted), and out come the ecclesiastical dignitaries, out come the modern literary Midshipmen Easies with exclamations of horror, out come the stag-beetles of the British Press moralities, out comes the average Englishman—John Bull, who is Bottomley—with his tinker-bell walking-stick: "Dividends, Sir. Quite so. Damn labour and Larkin! But don't you dare let me see on the stage anything that can make me think or cause my daughter to wish she were her brother Jack, who spends most of his time with chorus ladies." *Biblia Pauperum!* There it is, cut and dry, the place of entertainment for the average man; in other words, an Institution.

> "Who put it there?
> A better man than you,
> Touch it if you dare."

Bernard Shaw writes to the music. He gives the public a performing lion, and the critics think it is a buffalo. He gives them another, *Great Catherine*, a gentle satire down to their level (really down to their level) on the English gentleman, and the Press, which never criticises musical

comedy, cudgels Shaw as if he were an idiot. Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree blesses large audiences nightly and the Children of Israel, while *Blanco Posnet*, which is a serious piece of writing, is taboo by the Lord Chamberlain. Meanwhile, every woman who can afford it is either learning the Tango or making up her mind to break a window. But who cares? The average man is the only consideration in England. The Church, the Theatre, the Government, the Press, all systems, institutions, businesses and commercial providers cater for him, like Simpson's—"beef, cabbage and taters," three helpings, if he can get it down, always the same, and 2d. if you want a good cut, to the cook.

Beef, cabbage and taters. None of your Shaw fritters *en cocotte*. The banner of England still floats over the waves.

"England expects every man to be ordinary." For this "movement" of the average man is nothing else than his articulate demand for mediocrity and vulgarity. The "Halls" must be "pure." Does he mean by that refined, artistic, ennobling, beautiful, educational, *moral*? Not a bit. What he means is that plays—good plays, serious plays, plays of some intellectual force—bore him and he wants to sit with his wife in a place with a lot of lights where he can smoke and be morally and intellectually barren. Why does he want his wife to sit for three hours in a place reeking with smoke? Or his daughter? Ask him! Try to get the morality of that attitude out of him. Tweak him with it. Put it to him clearly.

"Tell me the reason why you want your wife or daughter to spend hours looking at the stupid cinema dramas, 'The Wickedest Girl,' 'The Prince of Evil,' or other such servants'-hall exhibitions; or at the Comedies giggling at the vapidities of the low comedian?" The average man will look superior. "But everybody does," he will exclaim. "Quite so," you may answer. "That is why the legitimate stage is intellectually insolvent." "Who cares?" he says. "Come and have a drink."

The conditions of chaos. Does it matter? Very likely not. Gaby has produced a new Peter Simple in the Navy,* and given the Bishops an opportunity—that is all, and Lord Northcliffe reckons he has got a good mark

* See the anonymous Midshipman's criticism of Gaby in the *Daily Mail*.

for piety in the book of records. In reality, little Gaby's stupid and vulgar turn was highly moral compared with the Tango commercialism of Suburbia and Society in modern fashionable eating-places, and infinitely less calculated to demoralise our girls, who really are having the time of their lives. Perhaps that is the secret of it. The stage deceives nobody any longer. Life is so much more entertaining. Just think what any woman of the smallest intelligence must feel when she sees men using the pretence of feminine modesty and decorum to purge the halls, when the whole effort of womanhood lies through the broken windows of education, clarification, knowledge, responsibility, activity, and public usefulness. And just think what fun the men must have writing those sham protests! And the newspaper folk who publish them! And the office-boy sitting with his "Film-girl" in a nice dark cinema! And Kensington when it discovered it really had a Bishop! And the new daughter who, now that the Halls have been cleaned by the *Daily Mail*, knows that "dad" will take her three times a week to see "Muffins's performing dogs," that thrilling sketch about "The Girl and the Octopus," and what not other tintinnabulation of the senses, with those "dreadful men" who will drink and that "awful reek" of tobacco that "one simply can't get out of one's hair."

The one healthy sign at present is the protest of the critics against the theatrical agents' press puffs. "Puffs," my Lord Bishop, the indecent, misleading, commercial, naked puff, whereas Gaby, at any rate, used powder.

Otherwise it looks as if the Theatre really was played out, so incongruous, inconsistent, chaotic, exciting, vulgar and unintellectual has modern life become. Strindberg was right about the stage when he called it *Biblia Pauperum*, which (Anglicé) means a "poor Bible."*

S. O.

* The Editor having questioned the correctness of the translation, it is only fair to admit that schoolmen are apt to regard *Pauperum* as a genitive plural, in which case the sentence would read the Bible of the "poor in mind"!

Books

ART

HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER. By ARTHUR B. CHAMBERLAIN. 2 vols. George Allen and Co. £3 3*s.* net.

One handles magnificent tomes such as these with feelings akin to reverence; one thinks of all the craftmanship, the thought, the good taste, and sheer mechanical labour that have been necessary to their production. The shade of the great artist ought to be thoroughly pleased, not only with the appearance of this work—the excellent paper, printing, and 250 coloured illustrations—but also, and perhaps even chiefly, with the loving care which Mr. Chamberlain has expended upon the text. It is obvious that he has delved with the most painstaking and scholarly enthusiasm into the minutiæ of his subject; yet he contrives to give us the results of these researches in simple, unaffected English. *Hans Holbein the Younger* is a most creditable performance, from every point of view.

FIFTY CARICATURES. By MAX BEERBOHM. Heinemann. 6*s.* net.

Fifty Caricatures, by the "inimitable," priceless Max, are quite a joy. To attempt to criticise them would be the grossest ingratitude to the spirit of Merry England and what fun there still is left for us in this capitalistic epoch. They have the qualities of both literature and art, and all of them are a delight in their different ways. Nor do they hurt—not much, that is—so that thinking of Max we think of the beautiful words in the Prayer-book: "Oh, Max, where is thy sting?" The fact is, we all like to be stung by this salacious and salubrious entertainer.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET. By A. E. JOHNSON. With illustrations by René Bull. Constable and Co. 21*s.* net.

This is a very sumptuous volume with some beautiful coloured illustrations describing, interpreting, and criticising the Russian Ballet. The author is not a mere book-maker; he plainly knows something about the dance, and has the eye for choreographic *mise-en-scène* and effect; nor has he been afraid to say what emphatically needed saying, about the decadence of the Nijinski productions since M. Fokine retired from the direction of the ballet. As he says, *Jeux,* however clever, cannot be regarded as harmonious art. Also the ballet, *Le Sacre du Printemps,* showed in its fullest extent the chaotic genius of Stravinski, the composer, Roerich, the designer, and Nijinski, the choreographist, undirected and harmonised by one mind, which led to a very magnificent failure; and this danger, if it is not checked in time, will almost certainly lead to the corruption and degradation and ruin of what is now the most complete artistic whole to be seen in Europe. A nice Christmas present.

ECONOMIC

THE RAILWAYS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By LORD MONKSWELL. Smith, Elder and Co. 6*s.* net.

THE CASE AGAINST RAILWAY NATIONALISATION. By EDWIN A. PRATT. Collins. 1*s.* net.

It is now generally admitted that railway nationalisation is rapidly becoming a question of practical politics. Recent railway accidents, unrest among railway servants, and the dissatisfaction with services, rates, and fares constantly expressed by traders and members of the travelling

public—all these things seem to have conspired together to force public attention upon the question of public ownership. And one of the results is the publication of a number of books on railway subjects. Both Lord Monkswell and Mr. Pratt are opposed to railway nationalisation, though the former is not primarily concerned with this phase of the subject. His object is to make a general survey of the railway industry, showing how various parts of railway work are carried on, and to give us some insight into the manner in which this wonderful business was built up. All the principal railways are passed under review, and some excellent information imparted. So far as nationalisation is concerned, Lord Monkswell is afraid that, if once the State acquires the lines, the employees will soon be in a position to dictate their own terms to the Government. He even goes so far as to hope that, if ever nationalisation does come, "the question of disfranchising the railway servants will receive serious attention." Mr. Pratt's proposition is that the arguments which have been advanced in favour of State acquisition and operation of British lines are based on fallacies, or on misapprehensions of the actual facts relating to State-owned lines in other countries; and that "resort to the nationalisation principle would involve such grave economic, political, and financial complications or disadvantages that the project must be regarded as injudicious, undesirable, and wholly impracticable." We entirely disagree, and we believe that, if Mr. Pratt's book is as widely read as it deserves to be, the Railway Nationalisation Society's membership will soon be greatly increased.

THE TARIFF REFORM MIRAGE. By W. E. DOWDING. With an Introduction by the RT. HON. SIR JOHN SIMON, K.C., M.P., and a Cartoon by MAX BEERBOHM. Methuen. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

This brightly written volume is—particularly for speakers and writers—the most useful account that has yet been published of the vicissitudes of the Tariff Reform Movement. In no other work is it so easy to trace its various stages, its repeated changes of policy, and the constant shiftings and shufflings with which it has tried to hoodwink, not only the masses, but the rival interests that hope to profit by it. All the "verbal contortions" to which it has been driven in order to avoid the fatal necessity of being explicit—and understood—are here conveniently grouped under the headings "Propaganda," "Agriculture," "The Empire," "British Trade," and "Work and Wages." Every statement and quotation is accompanied by an exact reference to place and date, inquiry being further facilitated by an analytic contents and an index. Although not given in the form of a regular history, few books will afford greater assistance to a future historian, owing to its wealth of precise information. As a characteristic instance of its value in this respect may be mentioned the convincing fashion in which Mr. Dowding drives home the Protectionist origin of the movement, showing how Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's "Imperial Tariff League" (the first title of the "Tariff Reform League") was simply a "Protection League," formed by a few avowed Protectionists just one day before his own speech inaugurating the movement on May 15th, 1903. Another is the hounding out of the party of the Unionist Free Traders by an anonymous "confederacy" of peers and wealthy manufacturers. Altogether this is the story of a routed army, whose ten years' campaigning shows one dishonouring success, that of representing Great Britain to the Colonies and to her commercial rivals as effete and decadent. As Mr. Dowding says: "The Tariff Reform mirage has vanished," leaving the Protectionist "still trekking the illimitable veldt" on which Mr. Chamberlain found his ill-starred inspiration.

GOOD AND BAD TRADE: AN ENQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES OF TRADE FLUCTUATIONS. By R. G. HAWTREY. Constable. 6*s.* net.

Lack of space renders it impossible to do more than indicate the gist of Mr. Hawtrey's argument and hint that it has a somewhat too narrow basis. His contention is that the constant fluctuations of trade are really

due neither to sun-spots nor to changes in the world's harvest, but simply to disturbances in the medium of exchange—"money," or purchasing power in all its forms. In his opinion it is less real wealth than its cash symbol that governs the tidal movement of trade. Though thus reducing the whole trouble to what would appear a manageable matter of mere reorganisation, Mr. Hawtrey has little hope of the possibility of any effective remedy. Something might be done through better control of the money market by the great central banks of the world, if they would but insist on holding the reins of credit tighter in periods of expansion, thus preventing the inflation of credit reaching danger point, and pursue a contrary course in times of bad trade. But while the present defective banking system of the United States continues it is scarcely possible for Europe to apply this remedy. Another remedy, but unfortunately one as little likely to be realised, would be the adoption of a sliding scale in wages, by which they would rise and fall automatically with the state of trade; but there is not sufficient mutual confidence and good faith between employers and employed for that solution. Mr. Hawtrey dismisses as futile the palliative suggested in the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, namely, the postponement of a certain amount of Government expenditure on public works to periods of depression; and represents Unemployment Insurance as merely a means of mitigating distress by spreading its incidence over a larger number of individuals.

THE FALL OF PROTECTION. By BERNARD HOLLAND. Arnold. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

This book is mainly a study of the decade 1840 to 1850, the period during which the era of Protection ended, and the present system of Free Trade was inaugurated. The idea of the author seems to be that whatever benefit was to be had by abolishing Protection we have enjoyed, and that the time has now arrived when our whole tariff and fiscal system should be recast. A fabric of tariffs should be reconstructed on "scientific and modern principles," whatever those may be. The book has a certain tone and balance which commends it to the student, but we cannot imagine the faith of any Free Trader being shaken by a perusal of it.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

CAMP FIRE YARNS OF THE LOST LEGION. By COLONEL G. HAMILTON-BROWNE. T. Werner Laurie. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

We confess to a liking for tales of pioneers and frontiersmen, tales of the bravery and endurance that have gone to the building up of Empire and the creation of our British prestige; but we do wish that the tales did not so frequently bear witness that the men on the outposts of Empire have, in the past, regarded "natives" as mere obstructions in the path of civilisation. Not that we charge "Maori Browne" with being one of this type of legionaries. He seems to have been too busy enjoying life, and, when not fighting, observing the customs and peculiarities of the New Zealanders, ever to spend time on moralising as to the rights or wrongs of dispossessing men of their country, and then imposing upon the dispossessed alien manners, an alien religion, and alien vices. But there the fact remains. Our Western civilisation seems to spoil entirely, where it does not wipe out of existence, the natives with whom it comes in contact, and our author has apparently done his share of wiping out. Nevertheless, he writes as a brave and gallant gentleman, and, like all brave men, he has a rich and ready humour. But then he is an Irishman. . . . And he pays generous and ungrudging tribute to the valour of his one-time opponents. After describing the story of a fight, a story which he had from the lips of a Maori chief who had participated in it, he says: "Nor did the brave old warrior lay claim to any special merit that his band of 500 men, armed with old fowling-pieces and muskets, should have resisted the attack of over 5,000 British troops, should have repulsed five desperate assaults, and for three days have braved the fire of a powerful train of artillery, while at the same time undergoing the torture of thirst."

Every yarn in the book is excellent, and we hope "Maori Browne" will write some more.

THE HATCHMENT. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Duckworth. 6s.

It is a good thing to find another volume by that literary phenomenon, Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, for truly he stands alone in modern letters. That rare thing—an artist and a man of action, he has evolved a form of impressionist study, part story, part incident, which has nothing like it in the literary work of to-day. As a stylist, pure and simple, Mr. Cunninghame Graham is unequalled, though he has his mannerisms, and, perhaps, the habit of introducing South American Spanish words is growing upon him somewhat to the detriment of its artistic effect. Oddly enough, his style comes obviously from Spain. He writes like an English Cervantes; again, assonance is one of his distinctive features, which is a peculiarly Spanish charactertistic. All the same, the fibre of his prose is magnificently English, and no one living can give such forcible expression to description or anecdote as this man who is at once traveller, cowboy, and man of the world, and as dour a Scot as any of his clan. Mr. Cunninghame Graham is always at his best when describing horses. Nothing better has ever been written about the life of the Gauchos in South America than the little study, "El Rodeo," wherein he touches upon the life on the great cattle *estancias* of the plains and the wonderful riding of the *peones*. Reading that, one almost imagines oneself sitting on a horse, careering wildly before a stampede of five thousand oxen, riding for dear life, with the tail of the animal flowing out behind, like a gigantic fly-flapper. Moreover, there are no tricks of language about it, no tricks of punctuation, of words, or paragraphs. He just writes on in long, flowing sentences, and each word seems to be like the blow of a little hammer, hitting the nail fair and square on the head. And then one reads a thing like "Bismallah," and the world of Africa seems to live before us blazing with heat and age, cruel, white, and implacable. Next we are in Scotland—stories of Scotch idiosyncrasies, or we are with the Indians, galloping across the plains, burning, murdering, and stealing. And always there is strength and colour and a quite astounding quality of revitalisation. But it is of South America and Spain that Mr. Cunninghame Graham writes best, *con mucho salao*, and in impressions like "Anastasio Lucena" we see his real genius of expression. It is a little hard, perhaps, like the eye of a hawk, and sometimes one could wish for more softness, even a touch of sentiment. But Mr. Cunninghame Graham is a man of action, whether he describes an old Arab cutting the throat of a kid or a Gaucho hamstringing a bullock before plunging the knife in its throat. He never allows us to feel any sense of weakness due to our common fear of blood. What he gives us always is the picture of things, unadulterated by human qualifications, and each one of them stands out like a picture by Goya, hard, scintillating, almost terrible in its restraint and picturesqueness.

PARIS NIGHTS AND OTHER IMPRESSIONS OF PLACES AND PEOPLE. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s.

In the first volume, pleasingly illustrated, we have the true Arnold Bennett, who invites us to look into his literary workshop and see "how he does it." It is a book of men and places, unequal in workmanship, treating now with Paris, now with London, now with little places in France and Switzerland, and now with Mr. Smith's troubles, and those of his wife and family. The sum impression of this volume is of a great respect for Mr. Arnold Bennett's sanity and sense of observation. He lets us into his method, and we see how nothing escapes his eye, how always and wherever he goes he views life from the attitude of copy, quiet, sane, discriminating, discerning, without feeling, without pity, and —without sentiment. It is a feat in its way, and one rejoices to find an Englishman, who really is an Englishman, who can write a book of four hundred pages without indulging in sloppy sentiment or artificial appeals to the multitude. Yet there is something lacking in all this. Somehow

it leaves the reader chilled and uneasy. That want is the absence of charm; not the charm of sentiment, but the charm of *finesse*, of humanity, perhaps even of art. For example, when Markino, the Japanese writer and artist, came to London, he was overpowered with what he called the "beauty" of the London blues and fogs. The pulsation of the City left him entirely cold. Mr. Bennett sees no blues or beauty of fogs. "In clubs, in hotels, in cathedrals, in halls of song, in emporia, in mansions; this is London, now; this necessary passionate complex locomotion! All other phenomena are insignificant beside it." It is quite true. It is the opinion one might expect from a philosopher or a sociologist, not from a poet. And indeed, Mr. Arnold Bennett is no poet. He is the spirit of the times, a chronicler. He goes to Florence and sees there as the main thing the prominent teeth and long jaws of the English maiden ladies who throng the pensions. He reflects always the attitude of the average man, rendered suddenly and, in spite of himself, sublimely articulate. Almost all these sketches, studies, and essays reflect what the average man thinks, but is unable to put to paper, still less to express in language, and when Mr. Arnold Bennett gets to the summit of a mountain, far away from politics and the rattle of modern life, his advice is "hurry down again quickly." There is none of the superman about him. The big Swiss hotel touches him on his weak side; he talks about it as some men talk about Gothic cathedrals. When he writes about the Russian ballet it is not the colour, the sensuality, the rush, the beauty, the joy, the rapture of it all, that stir him to enthusiasm; it is the great shop, the "Magasin du Printemps," with its thousands of women buying and selling, its organisation, its drab movement and design, its continuity. "Bagdad" is nothing to this, he says, and it may be true; but it is only an aspect. The ballet "Bagdad" is a joy for ever, whereas the biggest shop in the world is only a necessity.

It is a good thing, perhaps, that Mr. Arnold Bennett, with his amazing cleverness, is wanting in some artistic expression; otherwise, he would really be too much for us all to swallow. But it is a wholesome thing to have so sane a corrective. If those who look to the heights do not find quite what they want in these studies, everybody will find an alluring touch, a pleasing humour, a singularly discerning mind, which, if it does not delight, or arouse emotions such as a common reed-pipe can evoke played by a herdsman lying on the sand of Africa, yet invariably interests and compels attention.

THE EIGHTEEN NINETIES. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. Grant Richards. 12*s.* 6*d.*

The story of what one may call the revolution from the Victorian attitude is presented in this volume by Mr. Holbrook Jackson with skill and intelligence; and, perhaps for the first time, he knits the threads of the whole business together in a logical sequence that enables us to understand quite clearly both the movement and its inevitability. As he rightly says, the eighteen nineties were to no small extent the battleground of two types of culture; the one represented by the Yellow Book, the other by the Yellow Press; in which fight, as we all know, the lower organism won. It was the brilliance of Vigo Street against the sensationalism of Fleet Street. Both were the outcome of a society which had behind it a bigger idea of life than it knew how to put into practice, so that it is not surprising to find the Yellow Book ending in dismal shame at the Old Bailey, and the Yellow Press ending in Mafeking. All this Mr. Holbrook Jackson sets out with much discrimination and quality.

It was a curious time, and not the least curious part of it—a phenomenon this, which Mr. Holbrook Jackson has hardly given prominence to, but which is unquestionably of much significance—was the strange blending of art and literature appearing, as it were, synchronously, acting and reacting upon each other, of which at this distance we can see that the artistic side was, perhaps, the stronger. For just as Whistler was a distinguished man of letters, so we find Aubrey Beardsley, that strange

genius of the pencil, quite as precious and quite as literary (in its decadent sense) as Oscar Wilde himself. There was Conder with his aromatic fans, and there was the "inimitable" Max. Those who have read Beardsley's *Under the Hill* will see at once that here was no ordinary writer. Max Beerbohm still thrives, not only as caricaturist, but as a most brilliant satirist and writer of the essay, whereas many of the purely literary people of the time and of the Yellow Book have either passed away or failed to fulfil their early promise.

It is a subject which cannot be followed here in a review, but it is quite certain that the domineering presence of Oscar Wilde, who saw in the personification of personalities a greater force than in the expression of the pen, led at the time to a quite false estimate of literary values which, to-day, we are only just beginning to appreciate. The greatness of Wilde was unquestionably the man. As he himself said, "he who can dominate a London dinner-table can rule the world." That was really the keynote of the entire movement, which found expression in perversion, eccentricity, even sartorial foppery and affectation: in language, attitude, and manner. And in England, where we love cranks, faddists, and humbugs, these men were able to superimpose themselves and their wares at a far higher value than they possessed from any true artistic standard. What will be remembered of Wilde a hundred years hence are probably the poems written after his imprisonment. Of the other "decadents" there will not be much, for the most promising of them—Crackenthorpe—died long before he had attained to maturity, while those far bigger spirits who stood outside—Wells, Shaw, George Moore, Hichens, Frank Harris, and Arthur Symons—have rightly come into their own. Looked at purely critically, the "decadent" movement of the 'nineties, we can now see, was full of fustian. The whole thing, as Mr. Holbrook Jackson says, was epitomised in the monstrous nonsense of the song, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" and it was dissipated with the innovation of the safety bicycle. All the same, it was a very active time in literature, in which the Yellow Book people played only the most noisy part, because they were the most picturesque, and one has only to think of the other men writing—Kipling, Edward Carpenter, William Watson, Yeats, J. M. Barrie, Zangwill, Gissing, Quiller Couch, Cunninghame Graham, Alice Meynell—to realise that quite outside the filibustery of pose and manners there was a very big group of men who were going to matter in essentials.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has written a very entertaining book, if rather reticent on the score of criticism, which evidently was not his object. Beyond, abroad, we must remember that there were Ibsen, Nietzsche, Maeterlinck, Max Stirner, Björnsen, Brandes, and Strindberg; greater than any of our decadents, who had, as it were, reverberated from the Continent.

If it is rather disappointing as a work of criticism, because it in no way pretends to estimate the writers of that period, the book is extremely readable and even valuable as a reliable story of a brilliant movement in English letters.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS. By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES. S. W. Partridge and Co.

In striving to give an account of the influence of the Press Mr. Scott-James has set himself a task far more difficult than appears at a glance. To treat of the Press, not as a stationary institution, but as a fluid and ever-changing organism, subject to evolutionary laws akin to those that govern the development of other organisms, to change and decay, to florid overgrowth and premature blighting—this requires a fine grip of causes, a balanced judgment, and that rare gift: the gift of eliminating what, on the surface, seems plausibly relevant to the subject. Mr. Scott-James, possessing these requirements, has given us what the Germans would probably call a historico-biologico-social study. With a wealth of illustrative examples, the author deals with the growth of the Press in its relations with the church, the governing classes, and the people; its influ-

ence for good and evil at different epochs of the national life; its vocation of helping the nation to become "articulate." He sketches the particular events that led to characteristic features like the old *Times*, the Victorian penny paper, and *The Daily Mail* of our own day—interwoven with this topic are some excellent chapters on the American Press—and has many shrewd as well as pungent observations to make on the "uncertain and perilous profession" of modern journalism. The insidious influence of the advertiser, he says, has destroyed the freedom of journalism, and done more than anything else to degrade it. It is surprising to learn that, despite their flourishing appearance, a large proportion of our daily journals are in an unsound financial position.

Altogether, how little one really knows of the conditions that govern the production of our daily newspaper—familiar as it is! A dispassionate and stimulating book like this should go far to dispel our ignorance.

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL. 5*s*.

SULTAN JIM. By HERBERT STRANG. 6*s*.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK TREVANION. By HERBERT STRANG. 3*s*. 6*d*.

THE RACE ROUND THE WORLD. By CAPTAIN CHARLES GIBSON. 3*s*. 6*d*.

THE BOOK OF NATURE. Edited by W. P. WESTELL. 5*s*.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Hodder and Stoughton.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have, as usual, produced a wonderful output of Christmas literature for juveniles. Here, for example, is the familiar and now eagerly awaited *Annual of Herbert Strang*, with its notable list of contributors, full of information and adventure, splendidly illustrated. The same author's *Sultan Jim* and *Adventures of Dick Trevanion* will assuredly not lack enthusiastic readers, while *The Race Round the World*, by Captain Charles Gibson, is altogether the right kind of stuff—furiously exciting. Every boy, in his more serious moments, will find something to attract his particular fancy in *The Book of Nature*, with its clear and suggestive accounts of birds, fossils, flowers, butterflies, and other wild things of the country. Lastly, the ever-youthful *Swiss Family Robinson* appears in a new and splendid form, with a number of colour-plates by T. H. Robinson.

THE INTIMATE LETTERS OF HESTER PIOZZI AND PENELOPE PENNINGTON, 1788–1821. Edited by OSWALD G KNAPP. Illustrated. Lane. 16*s*. net.

Mrs. Piozzi is mainly interesting to us because she had been Mrs. Thrale, the intimate friend and constant hostess of Dr. Johnson, the rival of Boswell, and the author of the *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*. The letters in this volume do not begin till she was already nearly forty-eight years of age. Many of the most distinguished of her old friends were by this time dead, or had ceased to be on intimate terms with her. Johnson had lived just long enough to be offended by her marriage to Piozzi in 1784, Goldsmith and Garrick were dead. Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds were still alive in 1789, but had drifted out of her circle. Madame d'Arblay was one of those who were offended by her marriage to a foreigner, a papist, and a man who was contemptuously called a "music-master"; but the quarrel was made up, and Mrs. Piozzi found the "traitress" still "smooth" and "alluring."

Thus there is not the same material for interest that we should have found in these letters to an intimate friend had they begun a dozen years earlier. Mrs. Piozzi was not a stylist, but her letters have a merit, set down for a fault by Mrs. Pennington, of being written in a "colloquial style." She was an animated, shrewd, observant person, interested in all that happened round her. She chats rather dully about the places in

Scotland and Wales where she may be staying, and her household at Streatham. She does not leave the topic of the weather unembroidered, and talks much about Cecilia's health and Mr. Piozzi's gout. But at the same time it was necessary to her reputation as a talented blue-stocking that she should discuss politics, books, and theatres. She was still intimate with Murphy and Mrs. Siddons, and had correspondents in France, Germany, or Italy, who gave her the news about foreign affairs. The French Revolution and the subsequent war, of course, loom large, and Mrs. Piozzi denounces the wicked Revolutionaries and the disturbers of the public mind in England, as became the *quondam* friend of Dr. Johnson. She seems to have quarrelled with Mrs. Pennington in 1804, but in 1819 this still lively lady resumes the correspondence, and talks about Byron and the new writers in the vivacious manner of 1770. The letters are interesting as a contemporary criticism of events, but Mr. Knapp might have reduced them to about half their present bulk without any great loss to history or literature.

FEMINISM

THE FRAUD OF FEMINISM. By E. BELFORT BAX. Grant Richards, Ltd. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Here is another volume, companion to Sir Almroth Wright's treatise, *The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman Suffrage*, quite as fierce, quite as uncompromising, and, unfortunately, quite as dogmatic. Once more the thoughtful mind cannot but be astounded at the persistent insularity of Englishmen, even of men so distinguished as Mr. Belfort Bax. Mr. Bax has been for years a pronounced Socialist. Now, all over the Continent from France to Russia social democracy has not only accepted the idea of Woman Suffrage, but has placed it upon the official programme as one of the articles of the proletarian creed. Men like Jaurès and Bebel have always recognised the power of women in influencing political thought, and indeed it is very largely owing to the co-operation of working women in both France and Germany that Socialism in these two countries has come to be the immense political force it is; whereas it is precisely here in England that Socialism as a theory has failed. It is not to be wondered at when one sees a man like Mr. Belfort Bax coming out openly, and even violently, as the champion of old Hebraic patriarchy and the fierce opponent of women; but we always do things in our own way in this country—whether rightly or wrongly it is not the business of the reviewer to decide. Anyhow, there it is, and anybody who wants to enjoy a downright condemnation of the entire Woman's Movement cannot do better than read this admirably written and masculine polemic by a Socialist, who thus throws down one of the chief energising media of political fighting Socialism.

FICTION

THE MILKY WAY. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. Heinemann. 6*s.*

For a first book this volume by Miss Tennyson Jesse engages serious attention. It has a joyousness of outlook, a gay touch about it, an unreality, a charm which hitherto we generally associate with the products of a Celtic imagination. As a story it is of the slightest, for it reads almost like an autobiography—the autobiography of a young girl overflowing with life and spirits, who, knowing nothing of the world, sets out to face it in all its aspects, just as a baby who sees an open door makes headlong for the exit, and generally falls down the stairs. Let us keep to the simile of the child, picking itself up again, rushing down the garden, and, seeing a fat bumblebee seated on a flower, picks it up in its two hands and promptly gets stung. This is the sort of thing that happens to the girl in *The Milky Way*, only she does not get stung, for fictional babies, like drunkards, have proverbially a Providence watching over them; then the

gay heroine finds a blithe companion in the shape of one Peter, a curious itinerant artist who plays upon a pipe and watches over the girl like Tommy in *The Babes in the Wood*. Their adventures are many and astounding. They join a travelling company, they have Bacchic revels in the wood minus wine cups, midnight revels at Covent Garden, idyllic saunterings through Provence, they bathe like children on a warm day in a deep pool, and finally they marry, but, as the author says at the end, "I wonder! I wonder!" This is a book that it is almost a certainty will be popular. It has the Barrie touch. It has also something of the quixotic errantry of Mr. Locke, whose novels, we understand, sell by the fifty thousand regularly. We feel confident that this author will rapidly, perhaps even on the strength of this one volume, ingratiate herself into the confidence of the public, who will find in it many of the qualities they so ardently look for in fiction: the bonny outlook, the ingenuous touch, the fairy skimming over the realities of the world which they themselves find so dull and uninteresting. Here at any rate they will get pleasure and fun and happiness, and that peculiarly English atmosphere of asexuality. It is the book of a very young mind with the expression of a very mature sensibility —rather a rare thing. Discovery, which is the great secret of creation, is certainly here, and Miss Tennyson Jesse discovers in this volume a little world of her own, which sees the gossamer side of things exactly as we would all have them in our Christmas dreams.

HERE ARE LADIES. By JAMES STEPHENS. Macmillan. 6*s*.

Mr. Stephens's collection of sketches is full of humour, fantasy, and the rest of what we expect from an Irishman. But it is not, unfortunately, quite full of gold. His serious work is so good that it will be a national disaster comparable to the Victoria Memorial if he inclines permanently to emulate our magazine humourists, and attempts to succeed Mr. W. W. Jacobs as the favourite author of politicians on a holiday. His real artistic powers are extraordinarily keen. His "Three Heavy Husbands" move magically before us, and reveal all the tragedy of their heaviness in half a dozen pages each. In the next sketch a man's whole life reaches a culminating moment of self revelation within the space of a glass of beer. "Three Women who Wept" and "Mrs. Morrissy" (who conquered) show us in turn a little edge of their bright souls. "The Threepenny Piece" might be described as a cosmic extravaganza wherein Brien O'Brien, that young seraph Cuchulain and Rhadamanthus entangle heaven and hell and all the planets in the complications we ordinarily associate with the second act of a farce, while "the decent earth wreathed in pearl and blue," reappearing at last "as sudden as a fair face in a crowded street," seems like the young girl entering to charm us with unstained loveliness after two acts of wild knock-about laughter. "Three Young Wives" and "The Horses" are other pathetic and whimsical visions of character. "Three Lovers who Lost" are almost perfect studies in the humours of failure; while the next piece, "The Blind Man," etched with the same light hand, is suddenly sordid, almost tragic. "Three Happy Places" are similar airy visions of school life. "There is a Tavern in the Town," the largest handful in the book, is a dozen monologues of an old whisky-bibber, whose discourse suggests an unhappy blend of Jerome Coignard, Mr. Dooley, and Edward Lear. He makes many amusing phrases, but very soon becomes an ordinary facetious bore, as he continues to discourse on marriage, tobacco, dancing, and civilisation in general. "I will suspect the morals of a man who cannot dance. I will look curiously into his sugar or statecraft," is one of his dicta which floats in a sea of bad nonsense chiefly because it coincides, by chance, with a remark made by some interlocutor in Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's *Speculative Dialogues*, who suggests that the white race will "pass away to make room for nations that know how to dance." Zarathustra, I believe, applied the same saltatory test to his God; and it is amusing to notice how a paradox of the 'nineties may point to two lines of descent facetious and sociological in 1913. Facetiousness is one of Mr. Stephen's maddening sins; possibly he thinks it

is expected of him; hardly one of the sketches in this book is unspotted with the greasy froth of pun and hyperbole that are not even bad enough to be funny. There is a danger of this facetiousness permanently corrupting his character; on character depends style; and his style already shows traces of disease; for instance, his native and unspoiled excellence would never have been capable of writing about a woman "senile with age"—if Mr. Stephens makes many more bad jokes we shall suspect him of having become "juvenile with youth." His other danger is sententiousness. When he stops in the middle of an admirable scene to assure the reader that "Women often forget that their weakness is really their strength," and so forth (see pp. 109, 139, 159, 238, 239); when he laboriously does this instead of being content to *present*, we wonder if it is possible that the best writings of genius can sometimes be in their own opinion merely accidental by-products. Is it possible that Mr. Stephens thinks himself a late disciple of Martin Tupper? We hope there is no real significance in the fact that after leaving Mr. Stephens's charming book, we idly picked up a bookseller's catalogue and were startled to read, "*The Crock of Gold: a Rural Novel*, by Martin F. Tupper, 1844."

ALL MEN ARE GHOSTS. By L. P. JACKS. Williams and Norgate. 5*s*. net.

Mr. Jacks is one of those very rare philosophers who have the knack of using their philosophy for quite other than logical ends. Abstract ideas turn for him into quaint and fantastic personalities. Logical arguments turn into pleasing conceits, nightmares, or fairy tales. Metaphysical notions trip through his stories like pretty girls, the consistency of their logical character being transformed into the consistency of imaginative portraiture. Speculative philosophy is treated lightly, humanly, and ingeniously without losing its philosophical distinction. The stories profess only to be stories, but the persons have a way of proving themselves to be ideas, and the ideas persons. The gentleman who found himself haunting a family of ghosts, and talking with the utmost modesty to his own Ideas—Ideas which resolutely refused to believe in his existence—serves delightfully as an instrument for satirising both the Psychological Research Society and the Transcendental Idealists. He can tell a story merely as a story with much humour and clever characterisation. But his stories are best when he is able to ventilate ingenious upside-down theories, or to satirise the old-fashioned and too solemn scholastic philosophers.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

ZACHARY STOYANOFF: PAGES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BULGARIAN INSURGENT. Translated by M. W. POTTER. Arnold. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

Zachary Stoyanoff shows us a side of the Bulgarian temperament which few even of the admirers of Bulgaria have realised. Most of us know the members of this Slav-Tartar race as an eagerly political and self-sufficient people, obstinate, persistent, practical, passionate in their energy, relentless, and prejudiced in patriotism and in politics. But Stoyanoff shows us the Slav side of the national temperament. He reveals it in his own character, which is far nearer to the Russian than to anything which we think of as distinctively Bulgarian; and he either sees in some of the persons whose portraits he has drawn, or he reads into them, traits essentially Slav rather than Tartar. He was of peasant birth. He picked up some education in Rustchuk. He was drawn into the insurrectionary movements of 1875 and 1876, travelling among the villages as an "apostle" of rebellion, and was in the thick of the insurrection, which was followed by the epoch-making "atrocities" of the Turks; and afterwards, in free Bulgaria, he became Editor of *Svoboda* and President of the Sobranjé.

But he does not write of these events, in which he himself took part

and suffered, in the familiar vein of patriotic heroics. He is not content to denounce the evil Turk and to sing the praises of those redoubtable insurgents who were tortured and killed, and were only by accident the instruments of freeing their country. He gives us an imaginatively conceived picture of this ill-managed plot, this insurrection of rhetoric and paper-cartridges, this short-lived playing at war and Turk-killing, followed by the real thing—the Turkish battalions, the instant collapse of an unreal rebellion, and the vengeance of the soldiers wreaked upon a timorous population.

He shows with an irony mingled with tenderness the tragedy of a hopeless undertaking. With realistic touches he draws the portraits of the leading actors. Stamboloff himself appears as the hero of the first, and quite unprepared, rising. Few of the peasants had any idea what it was all about. They were ignorant, fearful, and unambitious, and the merchant classes, having a stake in the country, were frankly hostile. When Stamboloff, hopeful, absolutely fearless, marched out with a score of ringleaders, there were no other rebels to support him, and not even any Turks who thought it worth while to fight him. There is ironic laughter in the author's narrative of a headlong flight from an imaginary enemy. The second rebellion was a more real thing. The peasants had been worked up to enthusiasm. This time everyone thought the millennium was in sight, and Benkoffski, the head of the movement in the south-western district, conducted himself like an emperor among the rebels. The picture of this arrogant, rhetorical but forceful person, abusing his lieutenants for their grammar, disdaining the suggested help of a Russian general, dramatically haranguing and intimidating his followers, and shattering Ottoman rule with a wave of his sword, is a piece of masterly character-drawing, and a critical comment upon the Bulgarian character such as no other Bulgarian, surely, has dared to utter. Such detachment, such freedom from bias, so just an envisagement of the Bulgarian people at a critical moment in their history, gives to this book a curious, a rare, and a fine literary quality.

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. By EVERARD MEYNELL. Burns and Oates. 15s.

It was right and fitting that a member of the Meynell family should give us what may be regarded, for the present at any rate, as the official life of that strange and wayward poet, Francis Thompson. Mr. Wilfrid Meynell is one of those men who had a great opportunity, and one of those still rarer men who took it. What would have happened to poor Thompson but for the Meynell family one hesitates to think, except that he would probably have died of laudanum poisoning many years earlier than he did. One reads, therefore, this work by one of the family with unusual sympathy; and quite apart from that, it is a book giving a quite truthful account of the poet and of the manner of man he was, for, as the author says, "riding in an omnibus, Thompson would not know whether Polaire or a Sister of Charity were at his side." The story of Thompson adds another to the curiosities of literature; for Thompson literally died as he had lived—without possessions of any kind, the poorest man in this country. He left at his death a tin box of refuse—pipes that would not draw, unopened letters, a spirit-lamp without a wick, pens that would not write; a small abundance that remained merely because he had neglected to throw it away. A strange, unconscionable fellow. Though his inclination was to love the free flames, the uncaged air, water and the wings, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has left it on record that he hardly knew the names of a dozen trees, and that what is called "scenic nature" seemed to leave him absolutely untouched. The Edgware Road was his hunting-ground, very much as it was George Gissing's. Like Aubrey Beardsley, he died in a Catholic hospital. This is a book very well worth reading, and the poet's name will ever be associated with that of his friend and helper, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell.

THE LIFE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. By SIR EDWARD COOK. 2 vols. Macmillan and Co. 30*s.* net.

This is almost a model biography. Sir Edward Cook has handled a great mass of material with skill; he has known exactly what to print and what to omit, he has avoided the common fault of allowing the central figure on his stage to be overwhelmed by the scenic accessories, and as the result he presents a sober, balanced, and vital portrait of a very remarkable woman. For the first time the world at large knows what one of its most cherished heroines really was. Florence Nightingale has been the victim of a legend. The popular imagination pictures the "Lady of the Lamp" as a shrinking, sensitive, saint-like creature, who in an impulse of divine pity, plunged into the horrors of the Crimea, scattered flowers and soft words in the hospitals of Scutari, while dying soldiers kissed her shadow on the walls as she passed, and thereafter returned to England to live in pious seclusion and philanthropic meditation in an invalid's room. All this is very unlike the truth. Florence Nightingale was a saint, but a saint more like Ignatius Loyola than St. Elizabeth or Santa Filomena. Her keen, strong, organising brain was even more noticeable than her "simple goodness." She was, it is true, very good, but she was not at all simple. On the contrary, she was a shrewd, resolute, intensely practical, person, with a clear head and a talent for administration which almost amounted to genius. Her expedition to the Crimea was really only an episode in her life-work of showing what women could do to remedy one of the worst defects of masculine rule, the irrational and incapable management of hospitals by the public authorities, civil and military. For this she had been preparing long before the Russian war; and to it she devoted herself for the fifty years of life left to her after return to England. Her physical health was impaired, but her brain and her will-power were not; and the energy which she brought to bear upon her task of hospital and sanitary reform was prodigious. She kept behind the scenes, but her influence was very great; she put pressure upon the War Office, bullied and cajoled successive Secretaries of State, worked the Press, interested all sorts of important and influential people, corresponded, agitated, intrigued, with relentless zeal, in order to get the right things done and the wrong things avoided. As Sir Edward Cook says, she deserved the popular canonisation, though not entirely for the popular reasons. It is a story of extreme interest, and it could not be better told than in these able volumes.

THE EMPRESSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE. By JOSEPH MCCABE. Methuen. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The sinister comedy of the Byzantine Empresses is a continuation, from the year 453, of Mr. McCabe's studies on the Roman ones. A great deal of careful learning has been condensed into these pages, and they are interesting reading in these days when we in England are threatened with a national de-masculinisation, with a recrudescence of feminine methods and aspirations in politics, akin to those of old Byzance. The Eastern Empire, of course, was not what our grandfathers held it to be; towards external foes it was a period of resourceful activity, not of slumberous decay. But these palace-vignettes of women, priests, and eunuchs conjure up visions that might well make one despair of humanity. The domestic affairs of the Byzantine Court reveal a curious alloy of vice and incapacity; of piety and poisonings and prayers and mutilations without end. It is a queer image that we carry away from this thousand years' reign of God-fearing prostitutes. In fact, the book is little short of a nightmare—so fascinating a nightmare that it really deserves a fuller index.

TORQUEMADA AND THE SPANISH INQUISITION. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Stanley Paul. 16*s.* net.

In his able study of Torquemada, that automaton of cruelty, the author has studiously refrained from anti-Catholic expressions of opinion. And rightly. For the existence of the Grand Inquisitor is not so much to the discredit of Roman Catholicism as of that delectable spirit which is liable

to be generated by any and every kind of faith in a jealous God. Our Puritans in England and America, with their ferocious witch-burnings, had nothing to learn from Torquemada, so far as pious zeal is concerned; they were only a little more amateurish in their methods; they lacked that chill, mathematical relentlessness of the Spaniard. It is quite natural that such a creature, who has crippled the national resources of Spain to this very day, who converted the smiling landscape into a desert, and sent thousands of innocent persons to a death of unspeakable agony—it is quite fitting that such an amiable Christian should die, at last, thoroughly satisfied with himself and his life's work, and "in the conviction that he had given his best—indeed, his all—to the service of God." *Well done, thou good and faithful servant.*

LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF ALEXANDER AGASSIZ. By G. R. AGASSIZ. Constable. 14*s.* net.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS. By HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS. Two vols. Andrew Melrose. 25*s.* net.

Here are the biographies of two admirable citizens of the world. Both Agassiz and Saint-Gaudens were of respectable European stock; both found in America an honourable means of subsistence, and, finally, a place so distinguished that their respective careers in science and art shed lustre, once more, upon the civilisation of the Old World. The men were contemporaries, dying within three years of each other; they resembled one another in their zeal for work, their many-sided culture, their earnestness of purpose. The biography in each case is written by a devoted son; in each case the accidental loss of certain letters has hindered the writer from giving us as full a picture of his father as he would have liked.

One delights in reading the life-history of these men, so divergent in their intellectual activities, so alike in kindliness of heart. But their best biographies, as one of the authors says, may be read in the work they have left behind.

THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY. By HENRY WICKHAM STEED. Constable and Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Wickham Steed, *Times* correspondent at Rome and Vienna for a great many years, has made himself famous both for his judgment and brilliant *aperçus* into the mysteries of foreign politics. His credentials, therefore, for writing a book on *The Hapsburg Monarchy* are excellent, and one may say right away that this volume is the best study we have of up-to-date life and politics of the Austrian Empire. It is true that his manner is somewhat heavy, for, like all men who have written on *The Times*, he has acquired the laboured pomposity which they affect at Printing House Square; and also one may, perhaps, be a little disappointed at the over-cautious manner with which he deals with the subject, and at the habit, evidently acquired too by a long course of foreign correspondence, of wise qualification. Sometimes, too, one seems to detect a purpose in the volume, which considerable personal knowledge of Austria is inclined to cavil at; for instance, he speaks of the suavity of the Viennese police. Well, the writer of this review on various occasions found the Viennese policemen quite incredibly rude and rough. He talks, too, in glowing accents of the Austrian Army and of its officers, whereas history rather disproves the statement; and again, he is rather apt to insist on the power of the Monarchy as the saviour of Empire—a statement this which may provoke a contumelious frown in these days of rapid change politics, when everything, including all the institutions, seems to be in the melting-pot. But Mr. Steed may be quite right, and whatever he says carries with it undoubted authority. His chapter on the Jews and the Jewish question is very sound and enlightening. What he says about the Press, the people of Vienna, the inner political movements, all this is admirable and most informative, but students of foreign politics will turn to the last chapters dealing with the policy of Aerenthal in connection with Russia, Germany, Italy, and the new Balkans, and they will find there certainly

as truthful a statement of Austria's policy and of her motive as may be found anywhere.

Finally, Mr. Steed points to the rising danger to Austria of the Polish question, which assuredly will be new to English readers. As to the future, he is very guarded, but singularly sane and statesmanlike in his prognostications. His portrait of Aerenthal is probably entirely just; as also is his estimate of Dr. Lueger and the rising danger to Austria of the immense bureaucracy which indirectly the famous burgomaster founded. On the whole he is sanguine, and one puts the volume down with a feeling that one has read a book which will have to be kept on the bookshelf for reference probably for many years to come as the standard work on what he calls the Hapsburg or Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

TRAVEL

ACROSS UNKNOWN SOUTH AMERICA. By A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR. With 2 maps, 8 coloured plates, and 260 illustrations. 2 vols. Hodder and Stoughton. 30*s*. net.

The redoubtable Mr. Savage-Landor has accomplished another of those feats of daring and adventure which have made his name known throughout the whole world. His travels in the wild interior of unknown Brazil read like the most extraordinary feats of the early voyagers. At one period, for instance, he and two of his companions were actually without food for sixteen days, and would certainly have fallen from exhaustion never to rise again had not the vicious ant-bites driven them, tottering, to their legs whenever they were tempted to lay themselves down and die. This was in the ghastly and silent forest surrounding the Madeira river. But, indeed, it is only one episode, even though it be the worst, of a long chapter of thrilling escapes and formidable misfortunes. To explore Brazil is, apparently, to invite disaster at the very outset. For the Brazilians of the interior, according to Mr. Savage-Landor, are with one accord of the most debased, vile, conceited, and ignorant nature. What can one say of a people whose chief topic of conversation is the gentle art of assassination, and who know, with but few exceptions, neither sense, honour, bravery, nor pity. Mr. Savage-Landor's pictures of his companions are, in fact, highly entertaining, and we are not sure that his feat of invariably keeping his temper with them is not his most memorable claim to our attention. But even so, with all his calmness and sincerity of purpose, with all his indomitable perseverance and wonderful pluck, it does seem miraculous not only that he succeeded as he did, but that he saved his life at all. Before the end of the book one begins to grow quite callous towards hair's-breadth escapes, and to have an uncanny feeling that his followers were right when they announced that Mr. Savage-Landor had a charmed existence. But it is no laughing matter. In all seriousness, he displayed the vigour of ten men and the resolve of twenty. One can gauge the importance of his accomplishment by the fact that the Brazilian Government voted him £4,000 after his expedition. He traversed a vast tract of the Brazilian hinterland—a tract which, apart from the neighbourhood of large rivers, bore out but little the general idea of the Brazilian tropics. Here were no swarms of bright birds and butterflies, no impenetrable forests, no bands of savages, and no mad Indians. No, the country struck Mr. Savage-Landor's imagination for quite another reason—for its glorious possibilities for grazing herds of cattle. It sounds prosaic enough certainly. But then the sources of a country's wealth are often superficially prosaic.

The photographs taken by Mr. Savage-Landor are not particularly striking, and the coloured illustrations are shockingly crude. The two maps, on the other hand, should prove useful.

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